

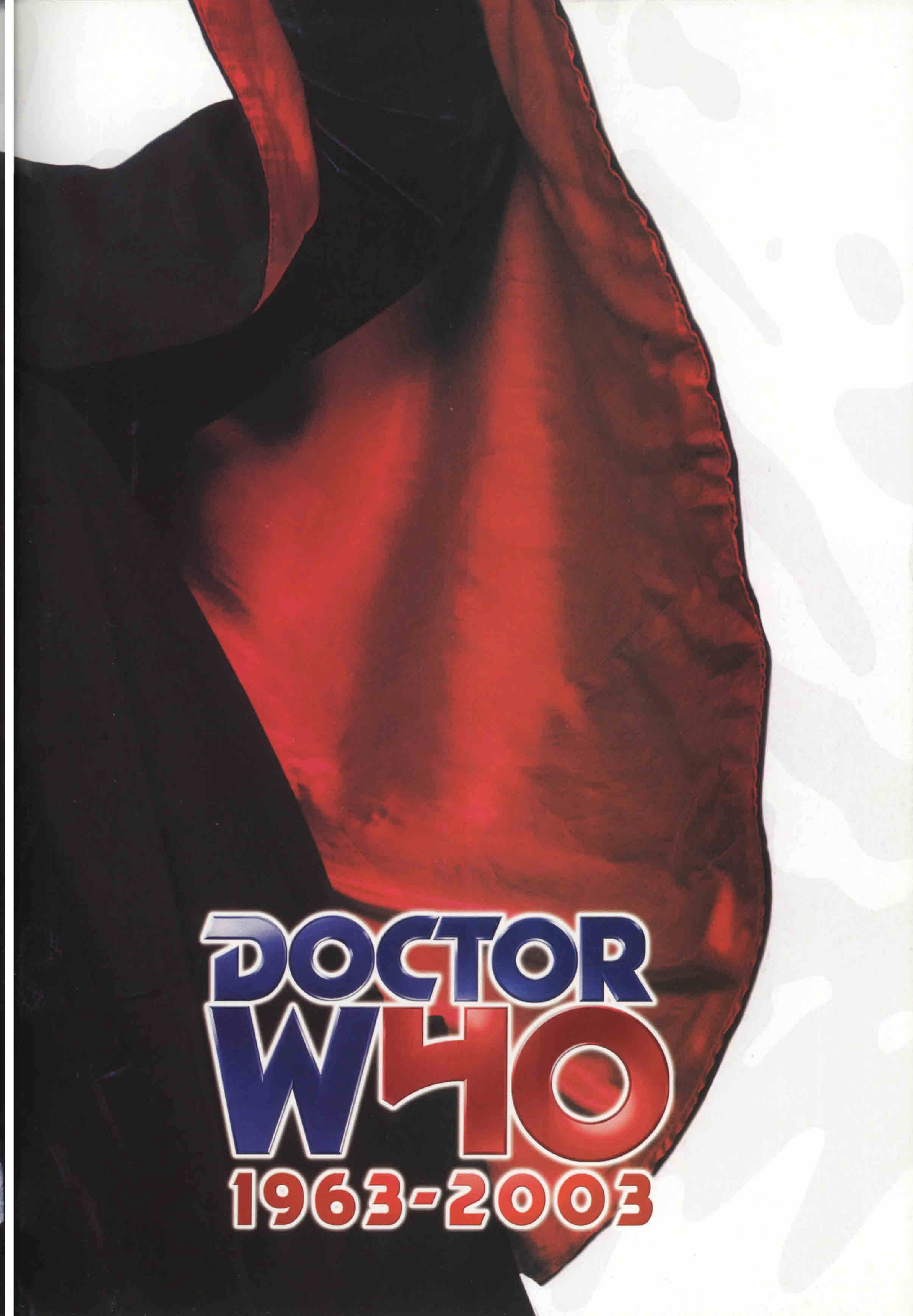
DOCTOR WHO

1963-2003



WE ♥
DOCTOR WHO

SPECIAL **DOCTOR
WHO** EDITION
MAGAZINE



DOCTOR
WHO
1963-2003

WE ♥ DOCTOR WHO



**DOCTOR
WHO**
1963-2003



EDITOR

CLAYTON HICKMAN

ASSISTANT EDITOR

TOM SPILSBURY

DESIGN

CLAYTON HICKMAN

PERI GODBOLD

RESULTS COMPILED BY

EDWARD SALT

CONSULTANT

GARY GILLATT

PRODUCTION

MARK IRVINE

MANAGING EDITOR

ALAN O'KEEFE

MANAGING DIRECTOR

MIKE RIDDELL

WITH THANKS TO

Tony Clark, David Darlington,
Robert Dick, Ian Farrington,
Derek Handley, Rupert Lought,
Ralph Montague, Nick Pegg,
Mark Wright, BBCi, Big Finish

DISPLAY ADVERTISING

LISA PALFREY @ ESSENTIAL

MEDIA: 020 7405 7577

CONTENTS

6 INTRODUCTION

8 WE ♥ TV STORIES

We count down the Top 10 *Doctor Who* television adventures of all time as voted for by you, plus we reveal the 40 runners-up. With contributions from Mark Gatiss, Kate Orman, Lance Parkin, Robert Shearman and many more.

26 WE ♥ AUDIO DRAMAS

Find out which Audio Dramas you thought were good enough to make it into the Top 10, and why Jonathan Morris, Nick Briggs, Scott Gray and others love them too.

34 WE ♥ BOOKS

Dave Owen takes us through the Top 50 *Doctor Who* books in the world ... ever!

36 TOP 10 ORIGINAL FICTION BOOKS

Jonathan Blum examines the 10 best original *Doctor Who* novels.

39 TOP 10 NON-FICTION BOOKS

Andrew Pixley talks us through his 56 inches of factual happiness!

42 TOP 10 NOVELISATIONS

Gary Russell finds out if your Top 10 novelisations are bang on Target.

46 WE ♥ COMIC STRIPS

Which 10 graphic adventures were quickest on the draw? Mike Tucker, Alan Barnes and David Darlington, among others, strip and reveal all ...

54 WE ♥ WRITERS

Write on! We celebrate *Doctor Who*'s 20 best scribes, as Gareth Roberts, Marcus Hearn, Paul Cornell and friends put pen to paper on their behalf.

64 THE DWM HALL OF FAME

Robin Tweed examines the legacy of *Doctor Who*'s longest-serving producer, John Nathan-Turner – your choice of inductee into the DWM Hall of Fame

68 THE PLASTIC DAFFODIL AWARD

We asked you to vote for the most distressingly rubbish aspects of *Doctor Who* over the last 40 years, and now Gary Gillatt, with tongue firmly in cheek, rifles through the refuse ...

74 GREATEST CONTRIBUTION AWARD

Philip MacDonald pays tribute to Tom Baker, the man who *was* the Doctor. Plus the Top 20 movers and shakers who helped make *Doctor Who* a legend ...

82 40 YEARS OF ♥

A celebratory 40th anniversary verse from Vanessa Bishop.

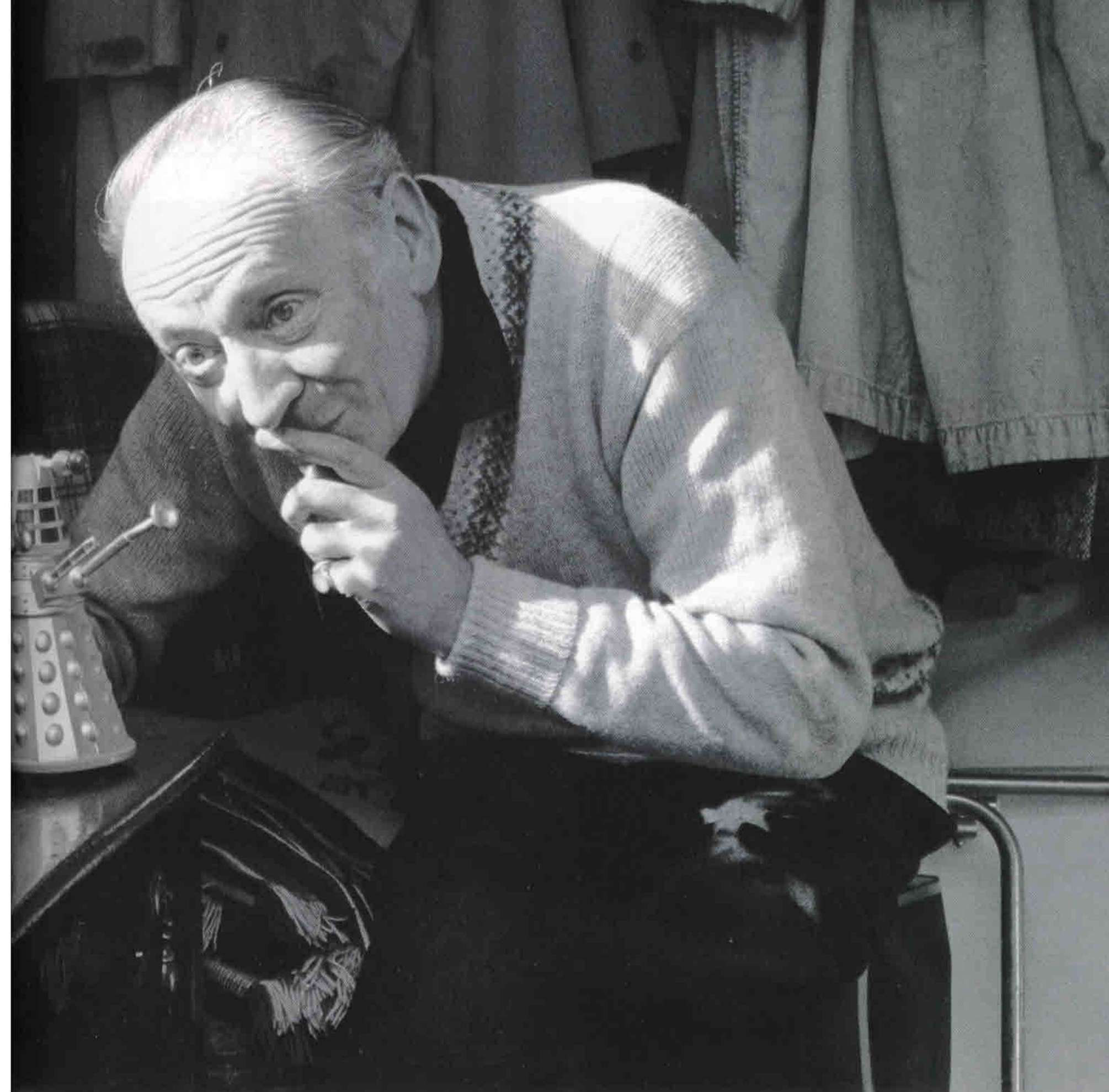
Doctor Who Magazine™ Special Edition #6 – We Love Doctor Who. Published November 2003 by Panini Publishing Ltd. Office of publication: Panini House, Coach and Horses Passage, The Pantiles, Tunbridge Wells, Kent TN2 5UJ. All Doctor Who material is © BBC. Doctor Who logo © BBC Worldwide 1996. Daleks © Terry Nation. All other material is © Panini Publishing Ltd unless otherwise indicated. No similarity between any of the fictional names, characters, persons and/or institutions herein with those of any living or dead persons or institutions is intended and any such similarity is purely coincidental. Nothing may be reproduced by any means in whole or part without the written permission of the publishers. This periodical may not be sold, except by authorised dealers, and is sold subject to the condition that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition. All letters sent to this magazine will be considered for publication, but the publishers cannot be held responsible for unsolicited manuscripts, photographs or artwork. Printed in the UK. Newstrade distribution: Marketforce (UK) Ltd, 020 7907 7728. Subscriptions: MRM, 01858 410510. ISSN 0963-1275



WELCOME!

Forty years! That's how long it is since *Doctor Who* first appeared on British television. It's probably a fair bet that many of you reading won't remember that far back. It's certainly true that no one currently working in the **DWM** office does! In that time, the world has changed. Seventeen Beatles Number Ones, ten Manchester United Championship victories and seven British Prime Ministers later, and *Doctor Who* is doggedly determined to remain just as much a part of British culture as those others as it finally begins the journey back to our TV screens.

So, the dilemma that faced us as we planned the **Doctor Who Magazine 40th Anniversary Special**, was how best to honour the Doctor's birthday? Should we present a special fact-tastic issue, full of information about the production of every story? Well, quite apart from the vast number of reference books around, Andrew Pixley has already done us proud over many years in the pages of **DWM** itself. And besides, a special issue detailing every story was published for the thirtieth anniversary. And the twentieth. And the tenth ... So then, some exclusive interviews perhaps? But so many of *Doctor Who*'s



talented writers, performers and other major contributors have spoken about their work in the pages of **DWM** and elsewhere that, again, it would seem like too much repetition.

No, for this 40th anniversary celebratory issue, we wanted something a bit, well, celebratory. Celebratory of the entire 40 years of *Doctor Who* – not just the 26 years and 695 episodes of the original television series, but something which could honour the books, the comic strips, the audio adventures ... everything – everyone – that has played a part in helping *Doctor Who* reach its 40th anniversary with so many devoted followers still in tow. And what better way to honour the series than by showcasing the stories and people that you, the readers, voted as the best of the best

in our **DWM** anniversary poll? Given that a jaw-dropping 2,800 of you took the time to lovingly fill in your poll forms earlier this year, it seemed appropriate to make this your special, your celebration of *Doctor Who*.

Normally, we at **DWM** pride ourselves at being the magazine that 'tells it how it is'. Unlike certain other genre titles, we don't have to pander to networks or production companies, forever living in fear of giving a bad review or saying the wrong thing. But, just for once, we say pish and tush to balanced argument! Begone criticism! Welcome back to the fold Taran wood beast! So join us, dear reader, as we invite you on a very special voyage of discovery to find out exactly why **WE ♥ DOCTOR WHO** ...

WE ♥ TV STORIES





THE CAVES OF ANDROZANI



1st Place, 1541 points. Written by **ROBERT HOLMES**, Directed by **GRAEME HARPER**, Starring **PETER DAVISON**, **NICOLA BRYANT**, **CHRISTOPHER GABLE**, **JOHN NORMINGTON**, **MAURICE ROËVES**, Broadcast **MARCH 1984** on **BBC1**

Abbey Road. It's a Beatles album, in case you don't know, and it's also a perfect metaphor for what *The Caves of Androzani* is. In amongst all the over-rated *Sergeant Pepper* and *OK Computer* and *Pet Sounds* and *The bleeding Joshua Tree* types – draw your own parallels, OK? – which are perennially to be found atop polls such as this one, we generally find *The Caves of Androzani*. The confident, assured work of a group of talented professionals, on the razor-sharp artist/craftsman interface, pushing themselves to greater heights than before, and – to stretch a point – just before the whole construct caved in (ahem) underneath them. And even more to the point, it's the one 'classic' *Doctor Who* story that really is as good as everybody says it is.

Surprising, maybe, since it might seem unpromising on paper – springing as it does from the same source inspiration as the uncaptivating *The Power of Kroll*, tied up in a Hartnell-era structure in which the Doctor's only involvement is a despairing urge to extricate himself from events at the earliest opportunity. One might even claim that *Caves* is predictable – given that we know Colin Baker will be debuting in eight days' time, it can't be more than five or six minutes into episode one before we can guess, in long-established Hexachromite style, that it probably wasn't a good idea for the Doctor to go playing with any unfamiliar 'large, fuzzy, sticky balls'. Oh, you silly Doctor, they've stung your skin. Could have told you that would happen. I bet they're really, really toxic as well ...

At the time, aged 13, I thought this was a slightly predictable way to go about inducing a change of Doctor, and nowhere near as effective or iconic as *Logopolis*. A few years appreciative learning and analysis down the line, and I can see why it was actually a far more affecting (and effective) method. For *Caves* is, of course, a tragedy. The tragedy of Sharaz Jek and how his single-minded resentment and paranoia are not only pretty much all that keep him going, but also the things which will ultimately finish him off. And part of the point of tragedy, surely, is that the extrapolation of the plot, from our first introduction to the characters, is not only logical but predictable; there is some degree of inevitability to the outcome, and it neatly conforms to the spirit of this for the audience to be mentally screaming "No, Doctor!

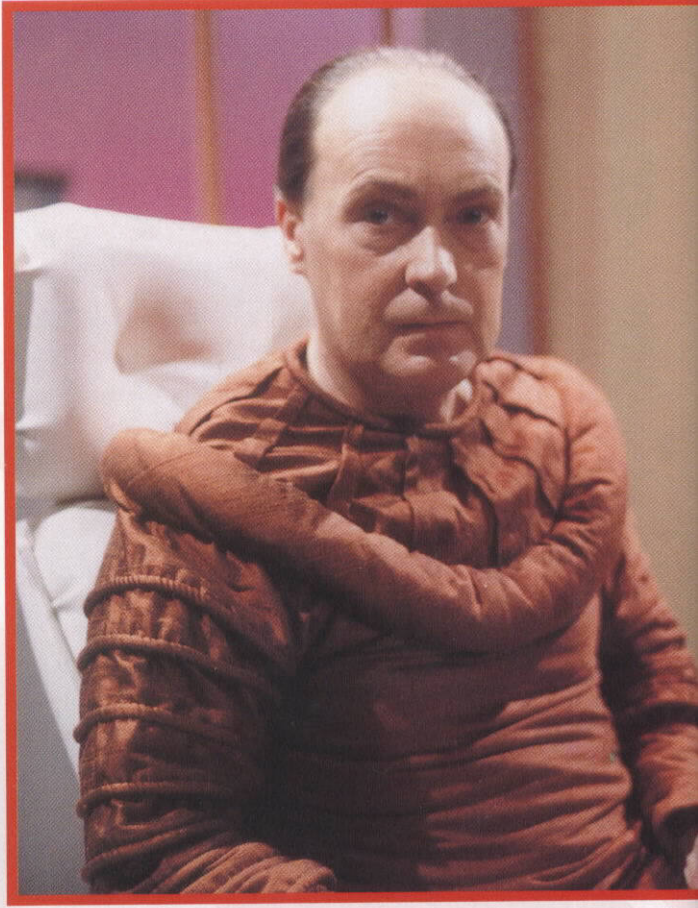


"Curiosity's always been my downfall..."

Don't touch that stuff!" before we're halfway through the first act ...

And I surely won't be the first person to notice the brilliant use of Peri. Where *Timelash*, for instance, also features an alien lusting after her and the Doctor nominally sacrificing himself to save her life, in that story it's merely sci-fi-by-numbers plotting. While it gives her very little to do as a person – less even than *Timelash* would go on to do – *The Caves of Androzani* instead uses Peri as an icon, providing motivation for both the Doctor and the chief force of antagonism, Jek. For Jek, her physical perfection is an ideal toward which he can strive (although he can never reach it). For the Doctor – in the most innocent reading – she's





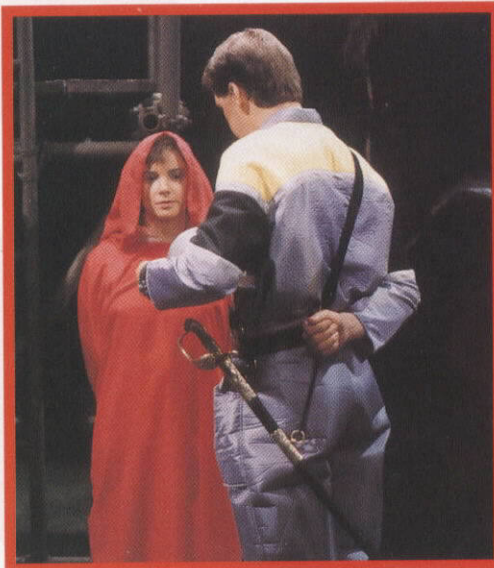
a lovely new friend, one who neither whines nor tries to kill him, providing the best potential for peaceable, amiable (if faux-antagonistic, jokingly spiky) companionship since last he regenerated. And he's barely even got to know her yet ... and, as the representative of the side which values Peri as the person he wants to get to know rather than for her aesthetic value as a decorative object, it is right and proper in *Doctor Who* terms that the Doctor should, just about, win the fight. Just about, I say, because this is a Doctor prepared to sacrifice quite a lot for love, years before any of us had heard of Paul McGann or India Fisher.

And what a Doctor he is, as well. Peter Davison, rarely less than brilliant in anything, probably the most consistent *Doctor Who*, and here putting in that little bit extra that he can obviously detect this script deserves. *The Caves of Androzani's* title-role performance was rarely if ever matched before or since – with the possible exception of what we saw Colin Baker give on our screens just a week later, where his extra effort was

probably born partly of an initial burst of youthful enthusiasm and partly of realisation that *The Twin Dilemma* needed as much support as its leading man could supply.

Weak points? Weak points? Well, all stories must have at least one or two, I suppose, even the biggest, best and most popular ones. But where one might argue that, say, *Genesis* and *Talons* pretty much embody the two major faults exhibited by most lengthy *Doctor Who* tales – the former being too long and rambling,

the latter telling a completely different story in Part Six from the one embarked upon in Part One – all one can say to the detriment of *Caves* is that it has a slightly crap monster and that some parts of the sets and costumes betray their budgetary constraints. Well, for starters you could throw a rock at a randomly-selected bunch of *Doctor Who* stories and hit five with a slightly crap monster. At least in *Caves* it's kept in the shadows and to a minimum. Deriding a *Doctor Who* story for sub-standard effects or monsters is fairly pointless anyway, and the giveaway



act of a scoundrel. Sometimes individual scavenging brilliance, inspiration, or a bit of extra planning or filming time transcended the budget and we got the Daleks or the first shot of Trial or something; more often than not we just have to be all understanding and British about it. One might have a case for saying that one dodgy aspect will show up more glaringly in a story like this, where more or less everything else is beautiful, than in (to pick on a pseudorandom example) Timelash, where hardly anything is.

Maybe – but the logical conclusion from that argument is to say one should never strive for brilliance in anything, just in case you fall short. Hardly a philosophy to live and love by, either within or outwith Doctor Who.

I just said more or less everything was beautiful, and I would stand by that. This is the script upon which Robert Holmes' reputation was built. Although he would have been admired by fans to some extent anyway, had he not returned to the show in the mid-



1980s to (according to Eric Saward) show all the other writers up, his last, dimly remembered work for the show would have been the unloved *The Power of Kroll* – not popular in 1979, now, or at any point in between. But it was *Caves*, I believe, which crystallised his reputation as the Doctor Who writer.

And of all 150+ televised Doctor Who stories, possibly only *Snakedance* has claim to having a tighter, more perfectly-cast ensemble of

“I’m not going to let you stop me now!”

actors. Over here we have ‘that bloke from Sink or Swim’, over there we have some ballet dancer or other – and absolutely brilliant they are, all of them. Plus it’s got Maurice Roëves in it. How much more do you want?

Actually, maybe it’s not *Abbey Road*, maybe it’s *Revolver*. For it came from a time of naïvety, before anyone could even have begun to guess that there were bad times just around the corner ... but I’ve stretched that metaphor beyond elastic limits already.

DAVID DARLINGTON





THE TALONS OF WENG-CHIANG



2nd Place, 1385 points. Written by **ROBERT HOLMES**, Directed by **DAVID MALONEY**, Starring **TOM BAKER, LOUISE JAMESON, CHRISTOPHER BENJAMIN, TREVOR BAXTER, JOHN BENNETT**. Broadcast **FEBRUARY – APRIL 1977** on **BBC1**

It doesn't feature a regeneration, a companion leaving, or a revelation to render the series never-the-same-again. The Master, Daleks, and Cybermen fail to merit even a mention. There isn't a single scene set on Gallifrey, at UNIT HQ, or inside the TARDIS. And the Doctor, sans scarf, yo-yo or sonic screwdriver, calls on no old friends for help. Nevertheless, I can think of no better story to exemplify, indeed celebrate 40 years of Doctor Who than *The Talons of Weng-Chiang*.

But if it hasn't got any of these things we consider special, what does it have? Near-universal accessibility, for one thing – you can show *Talons* to anyone, friends, family, colleagues, without them necessarily feeling they've started watching a series at episode 448. It's tempting to conclude that the Hinchcliffe and Holmes production team made such a widely-viewed programme because its viewers' briefing came not from the history of *Doctor Who*, but from the wider gamut of adventure fiction. Anyone who had enjoyed a yarn set in the comforting gaslit, cobbled streets of the perpetually foggy turn of the century London, whether from the pen of Conan Doyle or not, would feel at home here.

Someone definitely at home is Tom Baker's Doctor. No-shows from Harry or the Brigadier the last couple of times he'd visited the present day left him looking uncomfortably dispossessed. But now, he's deliberately here to take Leela to the theatre, and has even gone to the trouble to dress up for the occasion, a particularly rare capitulation. This story, *Pyramids of Mars*, and *Horror of Fang Rock* all form a good case for this approximate place and time being this Doctor's natural setting, allowing him to rub against all strata of a society richer than any alien world could ever be.

It's the richness of characters that really makes *Talons* so memorable. For all the exciting moments, be they in sewers, deserted theatres, or opium dens, drama must be about people. The Doctor has more superb foils here than an Olympic fencing champion. Scenes to revel in include him running rings around the Desk Sergeant, sparring with Chang on stage at the theatre, drinking in Litefoot's reaction to Leela, and most of all, pumping up the incomparable, the unforgettable, the unrepeatable Henry Gordon Jago.

Christopher Benjamin's Jago is the epitome of a great *Doctor Who* supporting character, written slightly larger than life, with human weaknesses that play superbly against the Doctor's near-infallibility. Writer Robert

Holmes isn't afraid to give him the best lines, either, with his "Have you been drinking? Then it's time you started!" outshining anything the Doctor says. And why is he so loveable so instantly? Because he's essentially the Brigadier, 70 years early, that's why.

Talons finds *Doctor Who* at a time of reinvention – in this story, it is the Doctor and Leela who are the strange alien outsiders. The story is Leela's real coming of age – she would always be Eliza to the Doctor's Higgins, but here she even dresses the part. And rather than shouting "Move yer arse!" at racehorses, she, still more incongruously, looks like a Victorian young lady, yet wields poison darts and jumps through closed windows. Litefoot's reaction to her table manners are both characters' defining moment.

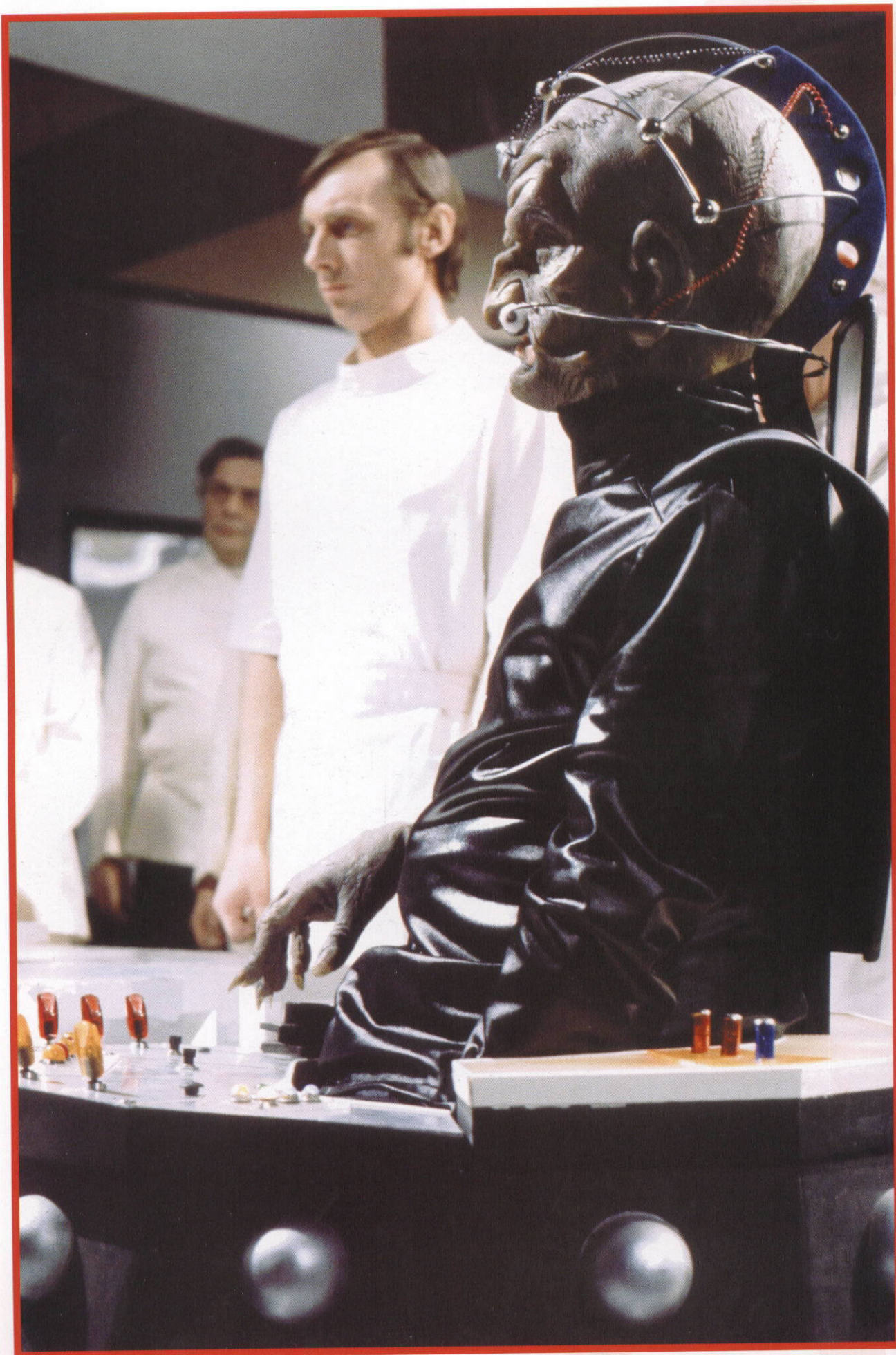


It's incongruous touches like this that make *Doctor Who*

Doctor Who and not just another space or historical adventure. During the final confrontation, as the Doctor faces a mutated warlord from the fifty-first century, and a ventriloquist's dummy that's really a porcine cyborg, in a Limehouse Chinese Laundry, having escaped by exploding a mattress, you know you can only possibly be watching *Doctor Who*.

A decade earlier, *The Invasion* became a try-out for a new style of *Doctor Who*, later to be adopted as the norm. I'd argue that another such opportunity was missed here. The Doctor and Leela are so perfectly at home in Victorian London, and Jago and Litefoot are such perfect period replacements for the Brigadier and Harry, that the series should have bedded in here for a year or two. As it stands, *Talons* is the essence, the distillation, of what that could have been like, and what *Doctor Who* should be like.

DAVE OWEN



GENESIS OF THE DALEKS



3rd Place, 1184 points. Written by **TERRY NATION**, Directed by **DAVID MALONEY**.
Starring **TOM BAKER, ELISABETH SLADEN, IAN MARTER, MICHAEL WISHER, PETER MILES**.
Broadcast **MARCH – APRIL 1975** on **BBC1**

It's no fun being the last person to join a gang, the last boy in class to kiss a girl, the last to get a joke. However, being a late-comer to the world of *Doctor Who* does have its advantages. Although one lacks that specialised knowledge gained from years of close scrutiny of the show, it also means that one's critical faculties aren't clouded by nostalgia about what terrified you at the age of 12, or which assistant you fell in love with. Nor are they skewed by abstract value judgements about what is or isn't 'canonical'.

In my case, I've only been watching *Doctor Who* for the last couple of years, off and on, so I have no childhood memories of Nyder or Sarah Jane Smith. Also, my brain freezes when anyone tries to explain the history of Skaro, or the difference between Kaleds and Dals – to me, these details of continuity just don't matter.

However, even a self-confessed novice can recognise quality when he sees it. Having now viewed episodes from across the whole history of the show, it seems clear to me that *Genesis of the Daleks* is the perfect *Doctor Who* story. It presents the viewer with the ideal balance between the three key elements that, in my view, make *Doctor Who* so very watchable.

The first of these is the series' ability to tell an innovative science fiction story, in the way that HG Wells or John Wyndham could. From experience we know that *Doctor Who* hardly has a 100% success rate at this – just think of *Silver Nemesis*, *Battlefield*, and any number of other incomprehensible ramblings – but when it succeeds, it does so in spades.

The second key element is *Doctor Who*'s oft-mentioned 'indefinable magic'. For this I suggest the term 'silliness', or even 'laugh-out-loud naughtiness' is just as appropriate – it's that little bit of crazy, out-of-place daftness which is so distinctively *Doctor Who*. This can cover everything from recycled sets to over-ambitious monsters, or from Vivien Fay to Bonnie Langford. The show throws up these oddities all the time, but with varying degrees of charm. The giant rat in *The Talons of Weng-Chiang*, for example, is infinitely more charming than the pantomime cow Myrka from *Warriors of the Deep*.

Finally, and most importantly, is the programme's decidedly English quality: the ability to be able to make fun of itself without losing any of the potency of those other elements I've mentioned. Tom Baker is the undisputed master of this art: always knowing, always

slightly amused, always standing two feet back from the action and giving the camera an imperceptible wink. Sylvester McCoy fares less well at this.

What's so great about *Genesis of the Daleks* is that all these vital elements function and combine so effortlessly and perfectly. The story is strong, almost sombre in tone, and though Tom is restrained, he maintains the comic relief by rarely seeming to take the Kaleds or the Thals too seriously. Plus there's plenty of *Doctor Who* silliness along the way. Just think of the Mutos, with their unhealthy taste for Dark Ages hessian, that gigantic clam ("I'll never eat oysters again!") and the delightfully hilarious offal that goes for the Doctor's jugular in the hatching room. All-in-all, it's the perfect balance – and with Daleks to boot!

Genesis provides a wonderful new take on the Doctor's foremost enemy. Now the Doctor has some (vaguely) humanoid representation to address in the form of Davros – a diabolical,



"The final decision is mine and mine alone..."

disabled Dr Frankenstein. But is it his Dalek voice and Dalek wheelchair that make him so menacing? Or is it that one wizened yet effeminate claw, forever hovering over a switch that could eradicate all life? "To know that the tiny pressure of my thumb, enough to break the glass, would end everything!" Having seen a few Dalek serials from before the introduction of Davros, I can now see why he was included in every one that followed – frankly, the creator is far more interesting than his creations.

It's no wonder that this tale has performed so well in the 40th anniversary poll. More than any other story, *Genesis of the Daleks* seems to have it all. For this novice in the field, it was the ideal introduction to the show. You – I mean *we* – should be very proud of it.

RUPERT LAIGHT



PYRAMIDS OF MARS



4th Place, 1102 points. Written by **ROBERT HOLMES** and **LEWIS GREIFER**, Directed by **PADDY RUSSELL**, Starring **TOM BAKER**, **ELISABETH SLADEN**, **GABRIEL WOOLF**, **BERNARD ARCHARD**. Broadcast **OCTOBER – NOVEMBER 1975** on **BBC1**

Gothic is wrong. There is a word, but that's not it. It's a word which describes the atmosphere which pervades most *Doctor Who* serials during Philip Hinchcliffe's three years at the helm. Whatever that word is, they sure labelled it onto *Pyramids of Mars*.

How exactly the production team managed to achieve that feel is a tricky question. Some of the answers are obvious, others perhaps less so. Writer Robert Holmes' last-minuters were often his best, indeed two such efforts occupy this Top Ten. But Egyptian mythology, together with the usual liberal dose of horror pastiches, makes for riveting viewing, and, whilst the dénouement is perhaps a little rushed, the plot hangs together pretty comfortably.

Director Paddy Russell rose to Holmes' challenge. As so often during this period, the horror isn't splashed over the screen – it's hinted at in much subtler ways, through clever use of cameras, lighting and music. Sutekh is as frightening and effective as any villain to appear in the series, but not because he looks hideous – *Doctor Who* seldom had the budget to achieve that. What frightens the viewers are Gabriel Woolf's chillingly seductive tones and the indication, through reaction shots and in particular the judicious use of close-ups, of just what a malevolent force he is.

The casting is terrific. Not only are the guest cast wholly credible in their individual roles – which is to their own credit – but they are directed so as to convincingly convey the peril that surrounds them. Tom Baker, of course, is fabulous. He is far more than just a lead; he dictates the atmosphere of the whole show. The Doctor 'happens' to this story, unlike many other distinguished *Doctor Who* serials (even *The Caves of Androzani*, in which Davison performs similarly well) where he finds the story happening to him. With the most insignificant remark, Baker can instil a sense of real fear into the viewer. Then a little smile, a little joke with Sarah, and the tension is broken for a moment. There are several such touches in *Pyramids*, which gives the relationship between the two leads a great deal more depth than many other Doctor/assistant relationships. Russell's intelligent use of Baker to set the mood is also a good example of how much more there is to directing drama than just good photography.

Script, direction and acting were seldom good at the same time in *Doctor Who*, and this goes a long way to

explaining *Pyramids*' success. But there are other peripheral, but equally crucial factors, which help to set it up on the podium. The design is unusually intricate, again a feature of the Hinchcliffe era. He brought in Roger Murray-Leach to do a good job on a tight budget. Christine Ruscoe is seldom mentioned in the same breath, but on this showing she certainly deserves to be. In these days of TV drama being either all-film or all-video, the transition between the two can often look jarring. It is a testament to Ruscoe's designs that this effect is minimised in *Pyramids* – the Priory and Lodge interior designs, both painstakingly detailed, being of particular note.

Incidental music is another important factor. Dudley Simpson's scores seldom made for restful afternoon listening – personally I find music from the 1980s much more pleasant on the ear – but that's not really what incidental music is there for. Simpson's music in *Pyramids* actively heightens the dramatic impact of the story in a way that even the better of the



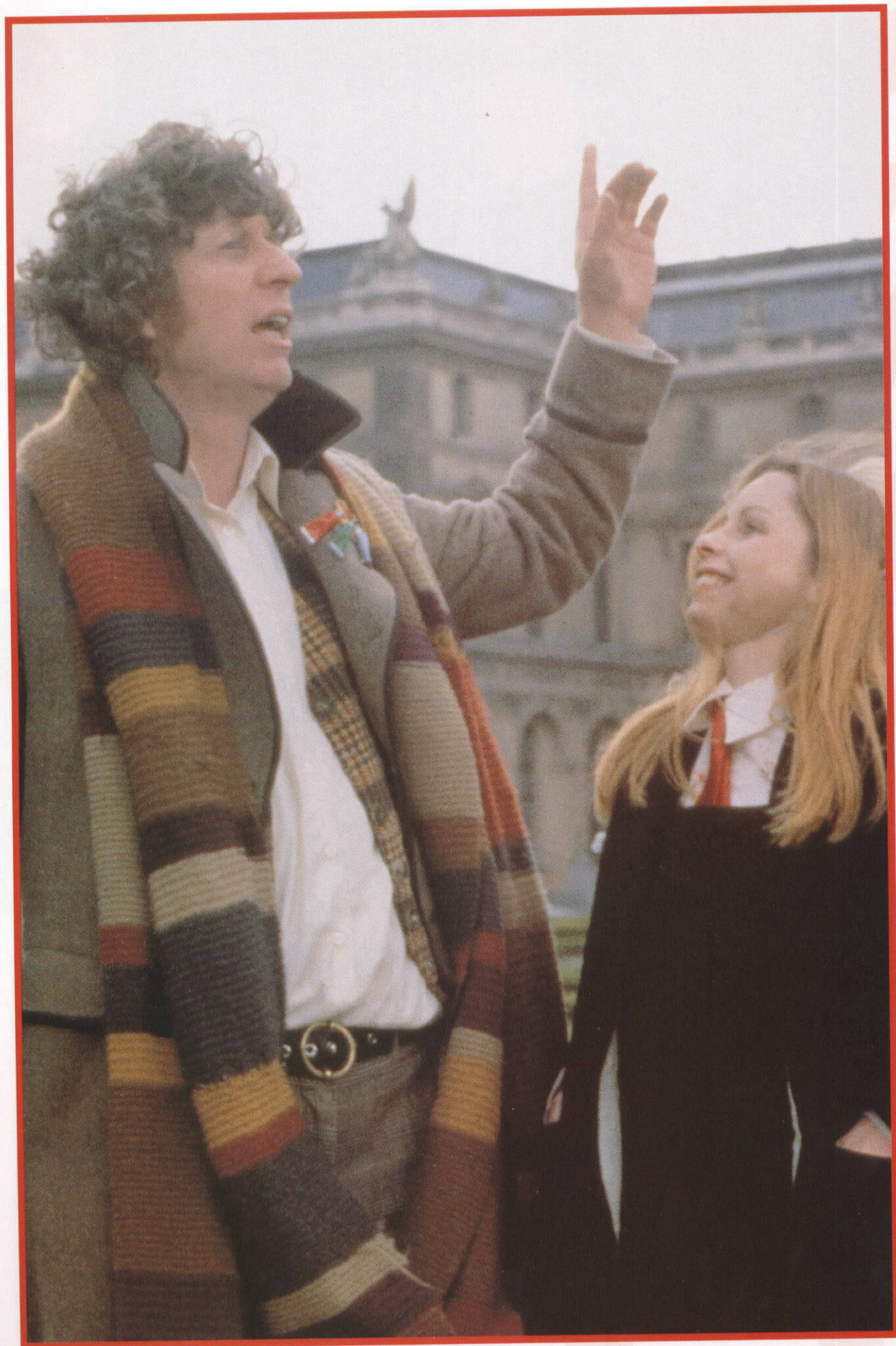
“Where I tread, I leave nothing but dust. I find that good.”

Radiophonic Workshop guys never achieved in later years. And if you imagine, for a moment, *Pyramids* with music by Keff McCulloch, you will, I am sure, see my point.

These, and other factors, came together perfectly in *Pyramids of Mars*, as they did frequently during Seasons Twelve to Fourteen, and fairly infrequently during other periods in the show's history. Why? Was it simply the coming together of a group of talented performers? Perhaps. But Holmes wrote *The Two Doctors*, Russell directed *Invasion of the Dinosaurs*, Simpson scored *The Underwater Menace* and Baker starred in *Meglos*. All these are likely to finish at the wrong end of the readers' poll.

Hinchcliffe was the difference. I don't know what he put in their tea, but I wish I could get hold of a shot of it!

ED STRADLING



CITY OF DEATH



5th Place, 1060 points. Written by **DOUGLAS ADAMS** and **GRAHAM WILLIAMS**, Directed by **MICHAEL HAYES**, Starring **TOM BAKER, LALLA WARD, JULIAN GLOVER, CATHERINE SCHELL, TOM CHADBON**. Broadcast **SEPTEMBER – OCTOBER 1979** on **BBC1**

If there's one thing upon which we can all agree at this time of celebration, it's that *City of Death* is adored by all but the incurably insane. So let's not waste precious words on the usual raptures. Let's take it as read that every syllable of the dialogue is majestic, that the performances, the music and the locations are joyous and sublime. We know all about the scintillating wit and the irrepressible *joie de vivre* that spice *City of Death's* fabled bouquet. Let's talk about the story instead, which is one of the most tightly and brilliantly constructed in all of *Doctor Who*.

Intrigue and enjoyment are on tap throughout *City of Death*, but information is dispensed in tightly controlled bursts. Most of the exposition is withheld until well after half-time (it's not until Part Three that we're told who the Jagaroth are, let alone what that exploding spaceship at the start was all about). Sequences that might slow the plot are subjected to deft *précis*, like the Doctor's interrogation by Tancredi – or else are omitted altogether, like Romana's and Duggan's recapture at the Chateau. Rather than witness the actual theft of the Mona Lisa, we're treated to a holographic rehearsal in Scarlioni's drawing-room, offering the thrill of the crime while building our anticipation of the actual event. It's tremendously well done. And yet the true greatness of *City of Death* lies in the nonchalance of these flourishes. Having laid his foundations as well as any *Doctor Who* scriptwriter ever did, Douglas Adams pretends he doesn't give a hoot about the dull, functional efficiency of plotting. In fact, to coin a phrase, one of the most curious things about this piece is its wonderful a-functionalism.

Unlike *Doctor Who's* later overseas junkets, *City of Death* is vitally, fundamentally about its location. It needs Paris not just because of the Mona Lisa, but because the entire story hinges on a philosophical celebration of art and romance and aesthetics and history. That Tom and Lalla should touch down in Paris at this particular moment in their relationship is the icing on the cake: there could be no more appropriate destination for this pair of flirtatious, aesthetic, intellectual Time Lords. As they gallivant from one picture-postcard setting to another, quipping of bouquets and bouillabaisse, there's a palpable feeling that Tom Baker's Doctor (whose costume, lest we forget, was inspired by Toulouse-Lautrec, and is here appropriately adorned by an oil-palette brooch), has found his natural home. He may be a perpetual outsider, but Paris suits him awfully well.

In *City of Death* the viewer is never more than ten seconds away from the next laugh or the next thrill, but what underpins the story's elegant delivery is its astonishing philosophical depth. Not only is the plot original, complex and momentous, wholly captivating and properly scary for *Doctor Who's* younger audience (to 1979's generation, Kerensky's skeletal demise and the Jagaroth's appearance on an Egyptian papyrus were exquisite behind-the-sofa moments), but it's also positively dripping with important questions about art and artifice, history and creation. *City of Death* is a battle between two aliens who have irrevocably influenced the course of Earth's history, leaving traces of their meddling littered across the planet's art and literature. The Doctor's handwriting appears in the first draft of *Hamlet*, and he scribbles in felt-tip on Leonardo's canvases. Scaroth owns a priceless stash of paintings, manuscripts and scrolls that document his systematic rewriting of the very text of human history. The Doctor's struggle is not only for mankind's survival but for the triumph of art and

“Is nobody interested in history?”

aesthetics over materialism and selfishness. He appreciates the true importance of the Mona Lisa, unlike Scaroth who merely wants to sell it seven times over. To Scaroth, the power invested in a Gutenberg Bible is not spiritual but financial, its significance lying not in its abstract meaning but in its physical existence.

So *City of Death*, with its pivotal image of a genuine Leonardo underwritten by the words 'This Is a Fake', offers a fascinating meditation on different notions of authenticity and truth. But much of *City of Death's* success lies in the fact that it wears its greatness so lightly. The plot is brilliant, tight and mind-boggling. The dialogue swoops and dazzles at every turn. It's one of the wittiest, cleverest and most profound pieces of writing ever seen in *Doctor Who*. It's all of these things – but more importantly than any of that, it's also richly, unashamedly entertaining. Not for one moment does it exclude its audience. Never has the medicine of exposition gone down so easily. Never has the content been so substantial and the style so light.

When, as it ultimately must, the sad day eventually arrives that *Doctor Who* fizzles out forever, the blow will be softened by the knowledge that once, long ago, it was capable of scaling such deliriously dizzy heights as *City of Death*. Whatever else happens, we'll always have Paris.

PHILIP MACDONALD

THE CURSE OF FENRIC



6th Place, 904 points. Written by **IAN BRIGGS**, Directed by **NICHOLAS MALLETT**, Starring **SYLVESTER MCCOY**, **SOPHIE ALDRED**, **NICHOLAS PARSONS**, **DINSDALE LANDEN**, **ALFRED LYNCH**. Broadcast **OCTOBER – NOVEMBER 1989** on **BBC1**



powerful moments on-screen. Startlingly, she's allowed to be sexual. Her wordless eyelock with Sorin after he's rescued her is easily the series' most erotic moment pre-Paul McGann. Sylvester McCoy gets to show every side of his Doctor: the still, quiet, dangerous plotter; the clown who drops something on his foot; the cheeky adventurer signing his own letter from the PM; the father-figure trying to teach and protect Ace even while he knows she's a poisoned pawn offered by his opponent – another booby trap.

Like a coded message, *Fenric* operates on more than one level. There's synchronicity between the fates of the Vikings and the Soviets. The chess match meant to fatally distract Fenric borrows from folklore, where the Devil can be distracted by throwing down pebbles for him to count – but its solution comes not from within the rules of the game, but from Bates and Vershinin's alliance, the symbol of two pawns standing together. Ace's cathartic swim at the story's end is a rebirth for the character: the 'dangerous undercurrents' of her troubled soul cleansed, just as the ocean itself has been cleansed of monsters and poison.

Here and there (particularly in the first two episodes) it's easy to lose the connections between people and things – to grasp that the Ultima machine is spewing out the names of the Vikings' cursed

You could put *The Curse of Fenric* on TV today and no one would bat an eyelid. It's swift, it's sophisticated, it's part of a story arc: it presages the kind of television we've grown used to in the nineties and noughties.

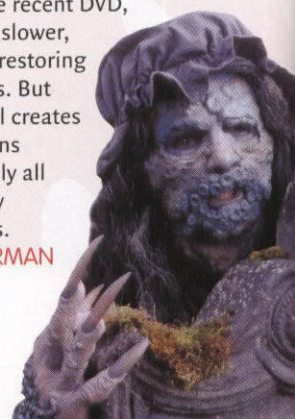
Despite which, *Fenric* is in many ways a quintessential *Doctor Who* story: a group of people unintentionally summon up an ancient power which has manipulated human history, and are trapped, facing the monsters which serve it. At least some of the baddies are hoist by their own petard: instead of springing their poison trap on the Russians, Millington and Judson fall victim to Fenric's boobytraps, first the runic computer program and then the flask. The chief villain himself is done away with by a betrayed servant. It's the style of the story that makes it unlike any *Doctor Who* seen before.

Never before had the relationship between Doctor and companion been so crucial to a story, not just in its emotional weight, but in its actual importance to the plot. Dealing with her background gives Ace her most

"What else could it be, Doctor? Love..."

descendants, for example. We're not told that a 'logic diagram' is a computer program until Part Three. The snippage required to cram it all into the requisite length adds to the confusion: the Ancient Haemovore's poisoned future only gets a proper explanation in the expanded video release – which still couldn't quite repair the patchwork editing because existing music cues had to be preserved. The recent DVD, re-edited from scratch, has a slower, more atmospheric feel while restoring lost motives and explanations. But the hectic pace of the original creates a sense of events and emotions spiralling out of control: if only all *Doctor Who* looked so good by today's quick, slick standards.

KATE ORMAN



REMEMBRANCE OF THE DALEKS



7th Place, 878 points. Written by **BEN AARONOVITCH**, Directed by **ANDREW MORGAN**, Starring **SYLVESTER McCOY**, **SOPHIE ALDRED**, **SIMON WILLIAMS**, **GEORGE SEWELL**, **PAMELA SALEM**. Broadcast **OCTOBER 1988** on **BBC1**

Very few *Doctor Who* fans needed *Sounds* magazine to tell us that *Remembrance of the Daleks* was the best *Doctor Who* story for a long, long time. The ratings were also strong, and with a surge of publicity around the anniversary, not to mention a *Doctor*

Who-themed number one record in the charts, booming video sales, a stage show in the offing and rumours of a movie, it might have looked like *Doctor Who* was in a very healthy state. In reality, the television show had been troubled for years, and wasn't long for this world. *Remembrance of the Daleks* marks the end of an era, as well as setting up the groundwork for the next phase of *Doctor Who* – the series of original novels. If the show had ended with *The Trial of a Time Lord* or *Time and the Rani*, would anyone have been interested in telling the story of what happened next? And would those people have been the sort of writers the *New Adventures* attracted – the people who'd hop on from the *NAs* to create things like *Queer as Folk* and *The League of Gentlemen*? This television story and, particularly, its novelisation were practically the pilot episode for the *New Adventures* – an intense knowledge of a series icon; a healthy dash of iconoclasm (blowing up Skaro, redesigning Davros); a manipulative Doctor and his footsoldier Ace; a dash of politics. Above all else, it was about remembering a time when *Doctor Who* was a dynamic show, with interesting things to say, and bringing that sense up to date.

Fifteen years on, *Remembrance* is as old now as *Planet of the Daleks* was then, so it's perhaps not a surprise that it's no longer in the *avant garde*. With Ace wearing a *Watchmen* badge and carrying a ghetto blaster, and its cheesy retro special effects and electropop music, it is, ironically, a prime slice of 1980s nostalgia. For the very last time, *Doctor Who* was regularly watched and enjoyed by people who hadn't contributed to a fanzine. There are things in there, like the magic baseball bat, that were rubbish then and haven't improved with age. It's a story told in unseasonably bright daylight, when the murk and fog of *An Unearthly Child* would be so much more effective. A much-loved

scene that's meant to be profound between Sylvester McCoy and the butler from *The Fresh Prince of Bel-Air* just doesn't work. But it's far from ruined by any of that, it's the thought that counts – and *Remembrance of the Daleks* is the sort of script writers get off on because it makes you think, and it does have themes and a social relevancy that is always effective in televised *Doctor Who*, possibly because it's such a rare treat.

The story's undercutting and subverting the conventions of the show; it's always one surprise ahead of the audience, and drops a cute reference into every other line of dialogue. Like all the best *Doctor Who* stories, it's a bit of a shock to realise that a lot of the best bits were only in the Target novelisation, but

“It's not my fault this decade's got no street cred!”

Remembrance of the Daleks did its job – it reminded people that there was a flame there worth preserving and nurturing. It reminded people just how good *Doctor Who* had been, and just how good it could be again.

LANCE PARKIN



THE ROBOTS OF DEATH



8th Place, 841 points. Written by **CHRIS BOUCHER**, Directed by **MICHAEL E BRIANT**, Starring **TOM BAKER, LOUISE JAMESON, RUSSELL HUNTER, DAVID BAILIE, DAVID COLLINGS.**
Broadcast **JANUARY – FEBRUARY 1977** on **BBC1**



a complete *Doctor Who* virgin (imagine one of those!) and have no fear of their being baffled. When I first saw *Robots* I'd heard of Isaac Asimov but never read him (still haven't!) but the fact that the plot borrows heavily from both *Dune* and his works on the laws of robotics matters not one jot. The programme is here simply borrowing from a modern classic rather than a gothic one. It's an eminently gettable plot that soon turns from a Lucanor treasure hunt into an Agatha Christie murder mystery. Into this drops our time traveller at the top of his game, in one of his best ever costumes, working out of his glorious Jules Verne time machine and neatly explaining what he and his charming companion are up to in one witty scene that the writer of any prospective *Doctor Who* movie would be hard pressed to better as an introduction to the whole marvellous concept.

The cast are great – though not uniformly so (this would hardly be *Doctor Who* if they were) with David Collings at his 'why on Earth wasn't I the Doctor?' best and Russell Hunter just dandy as the paranoid but

“They pretend they serve us, but really... but really...”

You know how you give a weary sigh whenever those lists of the greatest movies ever made are constantly topped by the same old titles? Oh God, *Citizen Kane* – again. An irrational desire is provoked to nominate something, anything else. So it is with our own dearest programme. How the voter yearns to nominate *The Time Monster* or *Meglos* or *Delta* and the *Bannermen* over *Genesis* or *Caves* or *The Robots of Death*. But this is an irrational desire, as I say. Friends, Robomen, Countrymen, I come to praise *The Robots of Death*, not to bury it! Fact is, though, Chris Boucher's much-loved whodunnit is almost too familiar. Its great dialogue – “Oh, I'm sorry I thought it was a rhetorical question!” – has been quoted since the nascent days of fandom; its gorgeous design long held up as a template for what the BBC used to do so well; its splendid atmosphere a perfect example of what *Doctor Who* could be again. In addition, it was made at the acme of the Hinchcliffe/Holmes/Baker golden age and is one of those rare stories that you really can show to

ultimately sympathetic commander. And then there are the Robots themselves. It's not just the beautiful Art Nouveau design that makes them so memorable, it's the eerie efficiency of SV7 and the sweet, Eyeore-voice of D84. Then there's the hairs-on-the-back-of-the-neck scene where the Doctor takes Poul through the procedure for dislodging the trapped case: “Well I'd call ... I'd call for a robot.” And Robophobia. And the reveal of Taren Capel. And the sacrifice of D84. And the mouse in the wainscoting ... But you know all this! Of course you do. The fact is, *The Robots of Death* is quintessential *Doctor Who*. Stylish, witty, spooky, well-designed and directed with consummate flair. Oh how the revisionists must hate it! It's not *Citizen Kane* after all.

MARK GATISS



INFERNO



9th Place, 810 points. Written by **DON HOUGHTON**. Directed by **DOUGLAS CAMFIELD**. Starring **JON PERTWEE, CAROLINE JOHN, NICHOLAS COURTNEY, OLAF POOLEY**. Broadcast **MAY – JUNE 1970** on **BBC1**

Back in 1999, the BBC proposed to show all the colour *Doctor Who* stories again. Before they could get to *Inferno*, they stuttered to a halt. And I for one was relieved.

The repeat season was publicised as something that was affectionate and nostalgic. And as fans, we too are guilty of letting nostalgia sometimes make our favourite programme a little too cosy. *Inferno* is the 'one with the Brigadier's eyepatch'. It's the mix of a few well-worn sci-fi clichés – fascist parallel worlds, hairy mutants and the End Of The World (Again). And yet, for all its familiar ingredients, *Inferno* is written and directed with such sincerity, and is so determinedly bloodymindedly odd, that it's still, for my money, the most frightening *Doctor Who* story ever made. Not frightening in the way the public remembers, with scenes of alien nasties sending them behind the sofa. Frightening in a way that is cold and brutal, and disturbingly nihilistic. It's surely one of the least representative stories ever broadcast, and not the stuff of kitsch 'I love the Seventies' retro TV. It's just too good for that.

The clichés are all cleverly subverted. The monsters may be shaggy dogs in boiler suits, but they're also mocking parodies of mankind at its most bestial, emphasising that with all our technological skills we're just ignorant savages who have accidentally destroyed our planet. The parallel world is underplayed to brilliant effect. It's not just an opportunity for the UNIT cast to do evil turns in jackboots, but instead emphasise the similarities rather than the differences between their established roles and their fascist counterparts. Cold and sceptical Elizabeth Shaw is worryingly similar to the Liz we saw in *Spearhead from Space*; only a few weeks after the Brigadier blew up the Silurians, here's another soldier being amoral and pragmatic. The story doesn't let you off the hook when they die by suggesting they were pantomime caricatures, but the same characters made harsher by being born into a more brutal society. Oh, and they *do* die. The world, this time, really does end. It's another cliché which Houghton makes all too credible.

It does this by effectively stripping away so much that we take for granted about the series. There's precious little humour. There's no music – instead we hear the warble of Project Inferno as with almost hypnotic relentlessness we count down towards destruction. There's not a great deal of action either; there's the odd tumble from a gas tower, but because we see it repeated on a parallel world, it gives



“The sound of this planet screaming out its rage!”

even a high fall stunt a sense of weary inevitability. Instead of being an adventure series, for seven weeks *Doctor Who* watches with grim resignation as we trudge towards armageddon – and it's Pertwee's acceptance of this, in a performance light years away from the flamboyant showman he's renowned for, that makes the story so shocking. This time it's real – *Doctor Who*'s staple diet of death and panic and horror. And, amazingly, beautifully, so too are the displays of selfless courage, and the Doctor's final quiet acceptance of hope and limitless possibility.

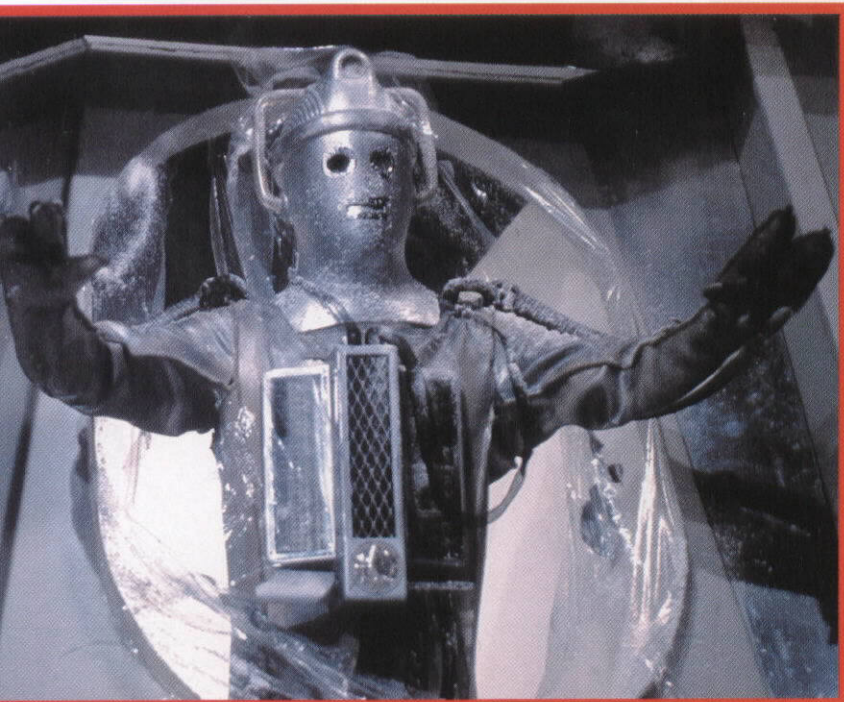
You wouldn't want every story to be like *Inferno*. And you wouldn't necessarily want it to alienate an audience of bemused thirtysomethings expecting something cheap and cheerful when they get in from work. But it's one of the few times *Doctor Who* dances with genius, where it truly demonstrates a flexibility often talked about but rarely seen.

ROBERT SHEARMAN

THE TOMB OF THE CYBERMEN



10th Place, 761 points. Written by **KIT PEDLER** and **GERRY DAVIS**. Directed by **MORRIS BARRY**, Starring **PATRICK TROUGHTON, FRAZER HINES, DEBORAH WATLING, GEORGE PASTELL**. Broadcast **SEPTEMBER 1967** on **BBC1**



"The Cybermen are a bit crap and the sets are tiny!"

So they can't both be the same story, can they? Can they?

I feel quite lucky that I knew a time when there was nothing left of *Tomb* but a creaky off-air soundtrack, a set of scripts, a Target novelisation and the remembrances of fandom's elder statesmen. That people take it for granted nowadays is something of a shame; that they deride it is unbelievable. What was once the Holy Grail has become the wholly mundane.

OK, so the script isn't perfect. If Eric Kleig really was so high-and-mightily-utterly-logical, then he really should have anticipated the possibility of the Cybermen not wanting to live in harmony with the Brotherhood of Logicians as per his scheme at the outset. He also should have at least planned for the contingency of the Cybermen wanting to turn everyone in the exploration party into Cybermen. That is, after all, what Cybermen do.

**"You belong to us.
You will be like us."**

But this is more than a set of scripts thrown competently together to meet a production deadline at the end of a long recording block. This is Patrick Troughton at the height of his powers, giving a masterclass acting performance as the Doctor. Just watch any of his early scenes when he stands in the background doing and saying nothing. You can see the Doctor's mind working to piece things together, noting every tiny thing that happens around him.

But that's not all. These are the Cybermen in their true black-and-white magnificence, and for once they have a motive that's true to their original concept. While their later appearances cast them merely as token space-robot-baddies, here they want to turn humans into Cybermen. The plot is pure base-under-siege, the sets are elegant and detailed, and the guest cast performances – while coded in the metre and tempo of the age, and perhaps slightly strange to our eyes and ears nowadays – contain conviction and belief.

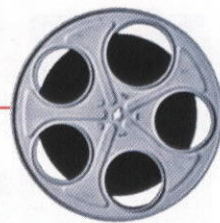
This is *The Tomb of the Cybermen*. It exists, it survives. We can watch it again. And again. And again ...

RICHARD MOLESWORTH

There are two versions of *The Tomb of the Cybermen*.

One was shown by the BBC in 1967, and starred Patrick Troughton as Dr Who. The story left an indelible mark on those who saw it at the time – no mean feat, considering that it was preceded by the epic 'Dalek story to end all Dalek stories', and was then followed by a run of adventures that saw the Yeti, the Ice Warriors and a nasty type of seaweed all menace the new Doctor. It was scary, it was exciting, it was riveting – it was one of the best *Doctor Who* stories ever made. But no one could watch it again, because the BBC threw the tapes away. Still, everyone knew it was the bestest of the best.

The other version of the story was found in Hong Kong in 1992. When this particular *Tomb* was returned to the BBC and released on video some months later, it seemed to generate large levels of condemnation for the stagy acting, the plywood sets, and the Cybercontroller-on-wires special effects. "What's so good about this story?", came the howls of derision.



#11-50 TV STORIES ROUNDUP



11 THE SEEDS OF DOOM (w Robert Banks Stewart y 1976 747 points)

12 THE DEADLY ASSASSIN (w Robert Holmes y 1976 715)

13 REVELATION OF THE DALEKS (w Eric Saward y 1985 705)

14 THE DÆMONS (w Barry Letts y 1972 701)

15 THE WAR GAMES (w Dicks/Hulke y 1969 691)

16 THE FIVE DOCTORS (w Terrance Dicks y 1983 601)

17 THE AZTECS (w John Lucarotti y 1964 663)

18 GHOST LIGHT (w Marc Platt y 1989 659)

19 THE WEB OF FEAR (w Haisman/Lincoln y 1968 656)

20 EARTHSHOCK (w Eric Saward y 1982 638)

21 HORROR OF FANG ROCK (w Terrance Dicks y 1977 629)

22 THE GREEN DEATH (w Robert Sloman y 1973 617)

23 TERROR OF THE ZYGONS (w Robert Banks Stewart y 1975 612)

24 THE SEA DEVILS (w Malcolm Hulke y 1972 600)

25 DOCTOR WHO (TV MOVIE) (w Matthew Jacobs y 1996 594)

26 THE MUTANTS (aka THE DALEKS) (w Terry Nation y 1963-4 552)

= THE THREE DOCTORS (w Baker/Martin y 1972-3 552)

28 LOGOPOLIS (w Christopher H Bidmead y 1981 528)

29 SPEARHEAD FROM SPACE (w Robert Holmes y 1970 508)

30 THE MIND ROBBER (w Peter Ling y 1968 464)

31 DOCTOR WHO AND THE SILURIANS (w Malcolm Hulke y 1970 446)

32 THE ARK IN SPACE (w Robert Holmes y 1975 444)

33 100,000 BC (aka AN UNEARTHLY CHILD) (w Anthony Coburn y 1963 437)

34 THE TWO DOCTORS (w Robert Holmes y 1985 429)

35 KINDA (w Christopher Bailey y 1982 433)

36 THE EVIL OF THE DALEKS (w David Whitaker y 1967 420)

37 CASTROVALVA (w Christopher H Bidmead y 1982 418)

38 FURY FROM THE DEEP (w Victor Pemberton y 1968 415)

39 THE AMBASSADORS OF DEATH (w Peter Ling y 1970 414)

40 THE BRAIN OF MORBIUS (w Dicks/Holmes y 1976 412)

41 CARNIVAL OF MONSTERS (w Robert Holmes y 1973 403)

42 WARRIORS' GATE (w Steve Gallagher y 1981 390)

43 THE POWER OF THE DALEKS (w David Whitaker y 1966 384)

44 THE DALEKS' MASTER PLAN (w Nation/Spooner y 1966 361)

45 DAY OF THE DALEKS (w Louis Marks y 1972 358)

46 THE GREATEST SHOW IN THE GALAXY (w Stephen Wyatt y 1988 344)

47 THE TRIAL OF A TIME LORD (w Holmes/Martin/Baker y 1986 320)

48 ENLIGHTENMENT (w Barbara Clegg y 1983 317)

49 VENGEANCE ON VAROS (w Philip Martin y 1985 312)

50 THE TIME MEDDLER (w Dennis Spooner y 1966 298)

BUBBLING UNDER: The stories that almost made it ...

TERROR OF THE AUTONS, THE GUNFIGHTERS, BLACK ORCHID, PLANET OF THE DALEKS, THE STONES OF BLOOD, THE INVASION, STATE OF DECAY, PARADISE TOWERS, SURVIVAL, THE CURSE OF PELADON, THE WEB PLANET, PLANET OF THE SPIDERS, IMAGE OF THE FENDAHL, THE LEISURE HIVE, RESURRECTION OF THE DALEKS, and many more ...

OUT IN THE COLD: The stories that couldn't garner a single vote ...

INSIDE THE SPACESHIP, THE SENSORITES, THE REIGN OF TERROR, THE RESCUE, THE SMUGGLERS, THE HIGHLANDERS, THE UNDERWATER MENACE, THE FACELESS ONES, THE ABOMINABLE SNOWMEN, THE DOMINATORS, THE KROTONS, THE SPACE PIRATES, COLONY IN SPACE, THE MONSTER OF PELADON, THE SONTARAN EXPERIMENT, THE INVISIBLE ENEMY, UNDERWORLD, NIGHTMARE OF EDEN, SHADA, MEGLOS, FOUR TO DOOMSDAY, TIME-FLIGHT, THE KING'S DEMONS, THE AWAKENING, DRAGONFIRE

WE ♥ AUDIO DRAMAS



THE CHIMES OF MIDNIGHT



1st Place, 1642 points. Written by **ROBERT SHEARMAN**, Directed by **BARNABY EDWARDS**, Starring **PAUL MCGANN, INDIA FISHER, LOUISE ROLFE, LENNOX GREAVES, SUE WALLACE**. Released **FEBRUARY 2002** by **BIG FINISH PRODUCTIONS**

When I was about six, *Doctor Who* was scary. I didn't watch it from behind the sofa, because then I wouldn't have been able to see the television, but I do remember being terrified of the Virus, Kroll and the Stones of Blood. But, watching those stories now, they aren't remotely frightening. We all like to think that *Doctor Who* has the ability to send shivers down spines, but you're unlikely to find any stories that can do that in your DVD collection.

And that's why I love *The Chimes of Midnight*. Because it scared me. I can't tell you how much it scared me because there are certain words which aren't allowed in this magazine, but suffice it to say, it was a lot. It was *Doctor Who* as I remembered it. *Doctor Who* as I wish it was.

What makes it so frightening is the way the script defers the answers. Ghost stories are only effective because we don't know how ghosts work; the moment you explain that ghosts are 'psychic projections' then they stop being frightening.

Part One is a consummate exercise in creating and sustaining a mood; we venture out of the TARDIS into complete darkness and gradually divine our surroundings. One by one, we are presented with mysteries; mysteries the Doctor doesn't know the answer to. The story itself doesn't even begin until Part Two.

And even then, the mysteries are piled on. Who is behind the murders? Why do the servants react so oddly to being killed? We are faced, again and again with the unknowable. The story plays on a basic human fear – our fear of the irrational, of being unable to predict or understand why people are behaving the way they are. What at first seems to be amiable and familiar is revealed to be inhuman and automatic. Even the Doctor cannot provide reassurance, because he is in the dark with the rest of us, and he is frightened too.

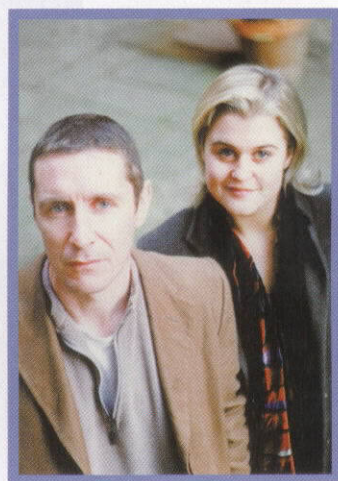
There are two very good reasons why Rob Shearman leaves it so late with the explanations. Firstly, because he realises that the best way to unsettle an audience is to confound them. And secondly, by his own admission, because he was making the story up as he went along and hadn't decided what was going on until half-way through Part Three. I was half-convinced he would ultimately reveal the villain to be the plum pudding!

But his approach to writing greatly impressed me.

I am in complete awe of someone who can sit down, with no idea where a story is going, and create something which is perfectly structured and cohesive. Obviously he's had a lot of practice.

Indeed, *Chimes* draws on his background in theatre. Like *The Holy Terror*, the story unfolds within an absurdist, iconographic space. A 'theatrical' space, if you like. Language is heightened and ritualistic – the cook's over-use of 'veritable', the parroting of 'Christmas wouldn't be Christmas ...'. There is the subversion of stereotype and cliché; in *Chimes*, the *Upstairs, Downstairs* hierarchy of servants, the whodunnit where the only clue is the shiftiness of the eyes. There is the reiteration of platitudes to make the insincere seem sinister; a device Shearman has employed since his breakthrough play *Easy Laughter*, a play which has informed much of his *Doctor Who* work. I strongly recommend you check it out if you get the chance.

I should also mention the humour. Shearman's writing is



“Remember, girl – you are nothing. You are nobody.”

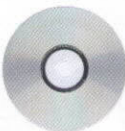
extremely funny; whilst *Chimes* is most 'upbeat' *Doctor Who*, there is nevertheless an undercurrent of black humour. Shearman's work is life-affirming, but only through confronting our reactions to death, to violence and cruelty. One of the finest moments for me is the 'suicide' of the chauffeur; it is at once absurd, hilarious and chilling. You laugh, but you laugh uncomfortably.

The conventions of *Doctor Who* require a rationale for this shift away from the traditional 'realistic' mode, and possibly the only weakness of the play is that its 'time paradox' explanation, whilst effective dramatically and thematically appropriate, is unsatisfying in terms of providing that tidy pseudo-scientific answer.

And yes, it's a bit like an episode of that old ITV show, *Sapphire and Steel*.

JONATHAN MORRIS

THE HOLY TERROR



2nd Place, 1385 points. Written by **ROBERT SHEARMAN**, Directed by **NICHOLAS PEGG**. Starring **COLIN BAKER, ROBERT JEZEK, SAM KELLY, PETER GUINNESS, ROBERTA TAYLOR, STEFAN ATKINSON**. Released **NOVEMBER 2000** by **BIG FINISH PRODUCTIONS**



What is it that makes a 'favourite thing'? Well, ideally, it's because that thing is good, original or surprising. But, often, the overriding reason is more to do with the memory of that first encounter.

When I listen to *The Holy Terror* now, I'm surprised to find that there are a couple of performances I don't much like. The pacing in the first episode is sometimes as tepid as that water the court scribe offers the Doctor. And the idea of the TARDIS going on strike is frankly just a bit naff, isn't it?

But the fact remains that it is, and probably will always be, my favourite Big Finish Doctor Who audio, because it was the first of those CDs to have moved me to make a coffee, put my feet up and listen to the whole thing in one go.

From that first 'recanting in the dungeon' scene, I was hooked. It was evident that this was the work of a proper dramatist. The dialogue took on a life of its own, powering its way through an eccentric plot that might have drowned a less able writer. Its appealing theme of

mocking rigid adherence to senseless religious doctrine was enough to grab my interest alone, but what is so breathtakingly good about it is that every character, every scene, every line has been fashioned with total clarity, genuine emotion and a truly wicked sense of fun. As a result, I sought out that proper dramatist, Robert Shearman, and I'm delighted to say we've become the best of friends.

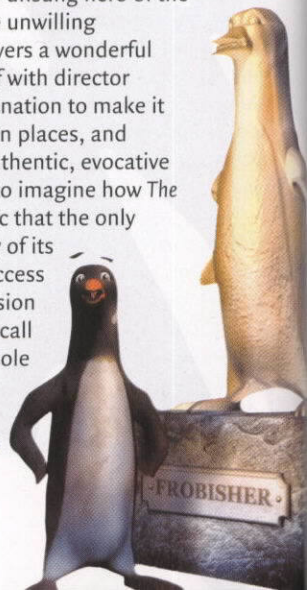
Even now, with my less rose-tinted ears on, this rather nasty, horribly hilarious play draws me in. Sam Kelly as court scribe Eugene Tacitus is really the star turn here. Rob has a particular rhythm to his dialogue which, if misinterpreted or misunderstood by actors, can result in caricature or, at the very worst, an unpleasantly fake performance. Essentially, a Shearman script, more than most others, requires the actors to buy into it fully and

"All hail the big talking bird!"

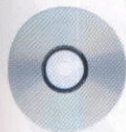
trust it totally. There are always larger-than-life characters who, at first sight, may appear to be veering towards stereotype; but there's always a twist, some beautifully fussy little character detail or obsession that give the people in Rob's plays their unique sense of reality. Sam Kelly really nails it with his Eugene. And, of course, his transmogrification into that chilling child was excellent.

Peter Guinness, too, is brilliant as the drippingly evil bastard son Childeric; but the unsung hero of the story is Stefan Atkinson as the unwilling emperor-god Pepin, who delivers a wonderful little performance. Topped off with director Nick Pegg's delicious determination to make it all sound as gory as possible in places, and Russell Stone's charmingly authentic, evocative incidental score, it's difficult to imagine how *The Holy Terror* could fail. It's ironic that the only element that robbed the story of its well-deserved commercial success was the 'non-canonical' inclusion of Frobisher. We at Big Finish call it 'The Penguin Effect' to console Rob as he weepingly accepts his small royalty cheques ...

NICHOLAS BRIGGS



SPARE PARTS



3rd Place, 1270 points. Written by **MARC PLATT**, Directed by **GARY RUSSELL**.
Starring **PETER DAVISON, SARAH SUTTON, DERREN NESBITT, PAUL COPLEY, SALLY KNYVETTE**. Released **AUGUST 2002** by **BIG FINISH PRODUCTIONS**

David Banks' flashy *Cyberman* book mooted the idea of a 'Genesis of the Cybermen' back in the 1980s, a story for the metal giants similar to the one revealing the Daleks' origins. Thank heavens it never came to fruition. *Spare Parts* gives us a unique look at the beginnings of these monsters, and its believable, coldly logical course of events chills the blood far more than the TV show ever did.

Marc Platt's Mondas is a brilliantly affecting creation. Its odd similarity to 1950s Earth makes it more memorable than some otherworldly, technologically advanced society could be. But that's not to say that Mondas is a pastiche of something else; it's its own place with its own rules, albeit familiar ones. Using the 'alien environs' of the 1950s is a nice touch, too – your parents might remember that cinemas were called picture houses back then, but to hear them referred to as such in a 21st century *Doctor Who* story only adds to the strangely distant closeness. This slightly skewed familiarity reminds us just how short a journey it must be from living, breathing human to cold man-of-steel.

Indeed, the riff of the whole story is that the conversion process presented in *Spare Parts* is just 'one small step for man, one giant leap for Cyberkind'. (The story even features its very own 'moon landing', where a converted Mondasian steps onto the surface of the planet for the first time in aeons.) The Central Committee's plan – to convert all Mondasians in order to divert power from supporting the underground society of the planet to a giant engine on its surface, so it can be steered away from certain doom – is an eminently logical one. We will survive. But the 'we' here are not faceless automatons hidden in frozen tombs; the Committee genuinely believes that the best hope for the survival of the Mondasian race is through Cyber-conversion. It can't see where this process will lead its people (though we, of course, know), it's just doing what it thinks is logically right. Being able to understand exactly where the Central Committee is coming from, exactly why the Cybermen were first created, is one of the story's master-strokes.

For all its big ideas, *Spare Parts* is most effective in the small story of Yvonne Hartley, so proud to be called up for her own mission to the surface of the planet. Having seen other 'troops' on TV, she's desperate to get into uniform and show off to her dear dad. What Yvonne doesn't know, though, is that the uniform she covets is actually the skin



"It's up to you, not me, to end this horror once and for all."

of a fully converted Cyberman. When she goes through the conversion process herself, she finally realises the truth behind the Committee's propaganda. Poor Yvonne is left halfway between girl and machine when the conversion process is interrupted by a power cut. Confused, frightened and half-crazed by her experiences, she heads for home, still desperate to show her dad her 'uniform'. This single scene might be the most moving Big Finish has realised: Yvonne's electronic weeping, and her family's horrified reaction, is deeply upsetting.

In describing the play as a 'Genesis of the Cybermen', Big Finish was being coy and more than a little disingenuous. The real genesis comes after the story ends – *Spare Parts* is not a tale of beginnings at all: it's the story of the fall of Mondas, and it's all the more powerful for it.

DAVID BAILEY

THE ONE DOCTOR



4th Place, 1027 points. Written by **GARETH ROBERTS** and **CLAYTON HICKMAN**, Directed by **GARY RUSSELL**. Starring **COLIN BAKER, BONNIE LANGFORD, CHRISTOPHER BIGGINS, CLARE BUCKFIELD, MATT LUCAS**. Released **DECEMBER 2001** by **BIG FINISH PRODUCTIONS**



The greatest pleasures in life are those that are unexpected, and *Doctor Who* going purely for the comic jugular certainly qualifies as a surprise. Yet that's exactly what *The One Doctor* does: surprise, shock, amaze, usually all in the same scene.

But while a wonderful piece of comedy, its true success lies in its unparalleled satire: for all its Douglas Adams post-modernism – the quandary of Mentos and his battle against an otherworldly counterpart of Anne Robinson, the long wait by the friendly Jellid that we can all relate to – it pokes fun at *Doctor Who* without being mean-spirited, and revels in its own irony, reminding us just how much fun we've had with the show over these many years. Take the relationship between the Sixth Doctor and Melanie, a surface barely scratched in the TV show, but so richly evident here; the spirit of adventure, touched by warmth and kindness and an occasional joke shared among friends.

Without any true villain (Banto Zame may be misguided, but he's more than likeable) and only the

hint of impending danger, *The One Doctor* takes its time getting to the point, preferring to live in the moment: the adventure lies in the journey, not the destination. There's no great rush getting to the end of the puzzle, instead we get to enjoy the sad song of the friendly Jellid, empathise with his aeons-long wait. And that may be the most precious thing about the story: instead of, say, *The Wizard of Oz*, where the Yellow Brick Road is only the conduit from Munchkinland to the Emerald city, here we get to spend time on the road, examine the pavement and take a few quick trips off the path.

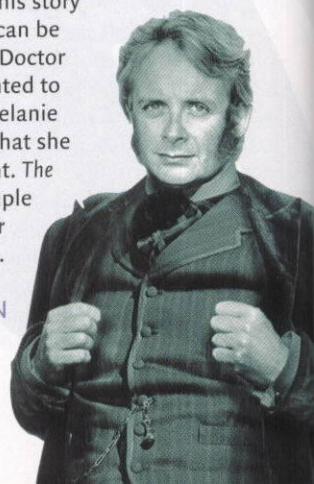
But beyond the humour lies a rich and satisfying story, impeccably acted, well directed, marvellously written ... and that is the key to its success. Were it simply a parody for its own sake – much akin to *The Simpsons* in its later years – it would have folded under its own weight. Instead, we are witness to evidence of why the Doctor's companions travel with him and why, indeed, the Doctor himself braves the unknowns of the universe. He might be facing insurmountable odds –

“Impersonating a Time Lord is a very serious offence!”

not to mention that ominous voice in the skies over Generios – but never within *The One Doctor* do we doubt that the Doctor is having a whale of a time. That also translates to the listener; if the Doctor and Melanie are enjoying themselves, it's easy to go along for the ride.

Everyone has a favourite moment or two in the long history of *Doctor Who*; with this story alone, there are more than can be counted. This is the kind of *Doctor* that Colin Baker always wanted to play, the kind of tale that Melanie deserved – if only to prove that she wasn't a simple afterthought. *The One Doctor* is a shining example of why many of us are *Doctor Who* fans in the first place ... and I love it immensely.

J SHAUN LYON



NEVERLAND



5th Place, 958 points. Written by **ALAN BARNES**, Directed by **GARY RUSSELL**. Starring **PAUL MCGANN, INDIA FISHER, LALLA WARD, DON WARRINGTON, ANTHONY KEETCH**. Released **JULY 2002** by **BIG FINISH PRODUCTIONS**

Anticipating a new adventure may rank amongst the key pleasures of being a *Doctor Who* fan. Yet great expectations can place crippling burdens on any story, so one remarkable thing about *Neverland*, the last of Big Finish's 'Season 28' for 2002, is that listeners reacted so positively despite over a year of appetite-whetting. Another remarkable thing is the terrain covered in Alan Barnes' story: it's an epic in emotional terms, rather more than in space and time.

The six-story Paul McGann season was confirmed (after recording) in early February 2001. As the finalé, *Neverland* wasn't due for release until 16 months later, and distribution delays actually added a few weeks more. Surely, that's a record-breaking gap between a *Doctor Who* drama being recorded and reaching its audience: yet story details were somehow kept under wraps. Instead, into the void flowed much speculation about the fate of Charley Pollard, and anticipation also turned to the fabled Zagreus, and this apparently Gallifrey-set story's approach to Time Lord history ...

Except that it wasn't set on Gallifrey, barring a couple of projections, and Zagreus 'appears' only as the zesty icing on this expansive confection. Pessimism about the future of the companion introduced by Barnes in 2001's *Storm Warning* was also off-target. Perhaps *Neverland*'s appeal lies partly in how it confounded expectations.

More likely, it was the bold use of unfamiliar emotional territory that gave it such resonance. The soundscapes described were ambitious – an asteroid made from TARDIS debris in an unreal universe – but the depth of the relationship between Doctor and companion was exceptional. Of course, many's the time an enemy has threatened a companion's life to force the Doctor's compliance. Yet has there ever been a more heartfelt exchange than that between the Doctor and Charley, where the Doctor's choice is: "The girl's life ... against the death of the Web of Time?"

Earlier, Charley has concluded that, given her problematic survival of the R-101 crash, by rights her time is up. With Charley ready to surrender her existence, the Gallifreyans erased from history via the ever-so-baroque 'Oubliette of Eternity' remain venomous at having "never lived ... never died." This theme of dying young (or worse) was a horribly personal one for Barnes to address: his own daughter, Isabella, had been stillborn in March 2000. Naturally, this loss was influential as the story of *Neverland* was formed, but what made it dangerous is also what



"We're born into love, not anger – and love never dies."

made it special.

And how well the actors responded: Paul McGann and India Fisher take their relationship, already built up so pleasurably in the preceding nine stories, to outstanding levels. Meanwhile Lalla Ward and Anthony Keetch also clearly relish the dilemmas facing Romana and Vansell.

Neverland's epic feel also derives from its running time: effectively, it's a TV six-parter without cliffhangers or reprises. This was circumstantial: the recorded script was far too long to fit onto two CDs without being rendered as close to non-stop as possible. Nevertheless, several passages were excised, including one rather handy dose of exposition. But this season finale, designed to lead into the 40th anniversary special *Zagreus*, still emerged as a worthy culmination of Charley's story. For now ...

MARK WYMAN



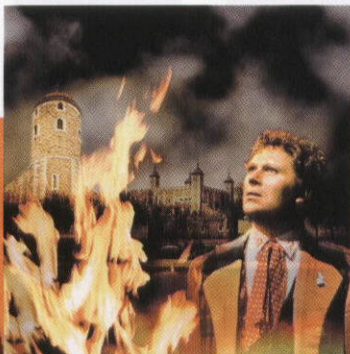
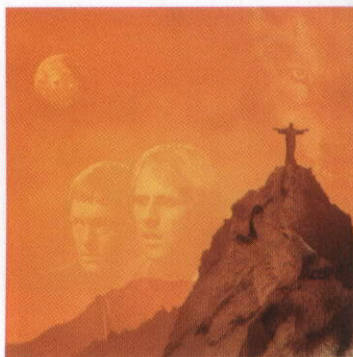
#6-10

AUDIOS ROUNDUP

- 6 STORM WARNING [a Alan Barnes y 2001 862 points]
- 7 THE MARIAN CONSPIRACY [a Jacqueline Rayner y 2000 779 points]
- 8 THE FIRES OF VULCAN [a Steve Lyons y 2000 627 points]
- 9 THE SPECTRE OF LANYON MOOR [a Nicholas Pegg y 2000 603 points]
- 10 LOUPS-GAROUX [a Marc Platt y 2001 561 points]

Look over there. See those people heading this way? Of course you do. Did you know that some folk actually believe audio stories don't contain any images? No, seriously! They just listen to the things! What a sad, dull, shortsighted breed!

There's Ileana de Santos, a majestic she-wolf searching for a mate to help warm the long, cold centuries. There's Pieter Stubbe, so comfortable in his dark power,



following close behind her, his teeth glinting in the moonlight – he's got a chuckle so low it could register on the Richter

scale. There's Rosa Caiman, a sharp-eyed girl running across a dusty Brazilian desert, carrying a silver blade in her hand and a steaming jungle in her head.

There's Charlotte Pollard, an Edwardian adventuress frantically swapping accents and bending genders as she starts a journey which will take her far past her planned rendezvous at the Singapore Hilton. Look, there she is meeting a dashing young man called the Doctor – he's crackling with compassion, charm and *bonhomie* – who wouldn't want to be his best friend? And there's Lord Tamworth, brandy



and cigars in hand, a blustering patriot who'll soon find his horizons broadening far beyond any petty national boundaries.

There's Evelyn Smythe, a dear, sweet woman immersed in essays, cardigans and chocolate cakes. She has no idea that history is about to come knocking on her door in the shape of a gaudily-dressed man. He may seem a trifle arrogant, but he's got two hearts of solid gold. And there's a sad, solitary woman named Mary desperately clutching onto a throne, a religion and a child who only exists in her mind.

There's Alastair Gordon Lethbridge-Stewart, an old soldier who can't seem to retire, despite the carnival of horrors he's witnessed. There's Nikki Hunter, a bright girl carrying a knapsack and a welcoming smile. She's making a trek across the Southwest coast but she's never going to get to her youth hostel – there's a cackling blue goblin scrambling greedily for her throat. There's Sir Archibald Flint watching, his genial, elderly grin disguising the soul of a sadistic child.



There's the massive Murranus striding forth, sword in hand, his face curling into a fist. He's a gladiator who sees that the years are not on his side; a man who holds his reputation tightly to his breast, knowing how fragile it truly is.

And there's Melanie Bush of Pease Pottage, with hair as red as the morning sun. She never gives up, never loses hope, and won't submit to the callous judgement of time, even when the Doctor does. Why didn't we love her from the very beginning?

The best Big Finish stories are filled with characters so vivid, so strong, so true, they could light up the largest Hollywood blockbuster ever made. Not that they need to, of course – the mind's eye will always dwarf any cinema screen. Look closely. Here they come ...

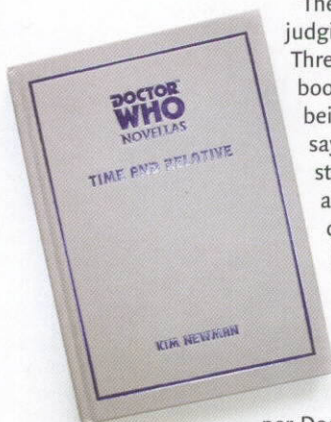
SCOTT GRAY

WE ♥ BOOKS

TOP 50 BOOKS OVERVIEW

It may not be the Booker or the Whitbread, but our poll of the Top 50 books of all time makes up for its relative lack of prestige by telling us as much about ourselves as it does about what we read. Firstly, it shows the diversity of what we think of as a Doctor Who book. While some might focus solely on original fiction inspired by the series, others might never think of dipping into that controversial world, and confine their Doctor Who library to reference works.

There seem to be quite a few of them judging by their storming of the charts. Three of the Top Five are informative books, with 20 per cent of the entire list being non-fiction. As Alan Freeman might say, Howe Stammers and Walker are straight in at number 2, with **The Sixties**, and the placing of their coffee-table concordances shows that older equals better for fact fans. Their **Television Companion**, a reference brick that's never far from the desk of Doctor Who writers, both amateur and professional, comes in at number 4, and has entirely displaced their one-per-Doctor Handbooks from the chart.



“This Top 50 list shows the diversity of what we think of as a Doctor Who book.”

For all its usefulness, I suspect that most of us look at Doctor Who non-fiction for pleasure, with illustrated large-format volumes like HSW's 'decade' books, or more subject-specific publications like Gary Russell's **Regeneration** or David Banks' **Cybermen** placing in the Top 30, along with Gary Gillatt's uniquely thought-provoking collection of essays, **Doctor Who From A to Z**. Such books can be returned to on a rainy afternoon again and again for a dose of self-affirming comfortable nostalgia, a habit we appear to have been in for decades, judging by the appearance of **The Doctor Who Monster Book**, that fabulous, unprecedentedly illustrated complement to the rest of the Target range from 1975.

Of course there was a time when “Doctor Who books” meant Target novelisations. Considering the sheer wealth of pleasure the books gave many of us in childhood and beyond, it's strange to see them making such a poor showing. The eight which appear comprise

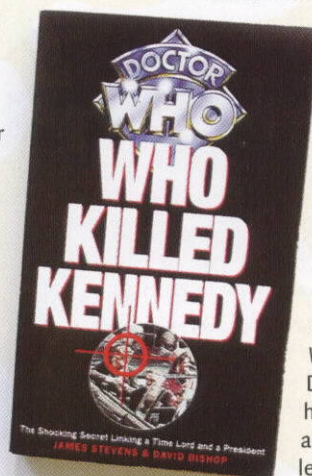
four of the earliest adaptations from the 1970s when the books extrapolated or diverged from their TV progenitors and featured both illustrations and tantalising “IN PREPARATION” lists. They're joined by later adaptations which also expanded on the television versions – sans illustrations sadly – with Donald Cotton's **The Myth Makers** being arguably the funniest Doctor Who book ever written.

It's not alone in being comic – we do like a laugh, it seems. Gareth Roberts' three entries in the 50 are fond, tongue-in-cheek recreations of well-remembered companion chemistries, be they a very loveable Ian and Barbara or a very entertaining Romana II and Kg. But the ongoing adventures of the current Doctor are better loved than either faithful or radical revisits to his predecessors, as *New (or Eighth Doctor) Adventures* outnumber *Missing (or Past Doctor) Adventures* by 18 to 14, even including Kim Newman's **Time and Relative**, the sole representative from Telos Publishing's range of Novellas.

Time and Relative is a good example of the kind of entry that does well here. It extends the boundaries of Doctor Who, and we like books that do this, either by stretching the scope of the stories or the way they can be told. For every comforting *Book of Common Prayer* here, there is a least another *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, changing our expectations for ever. Paul Cornell's **Human Nature**, now officially The Best Doctor Who Book Ever, features a Doctor who has rendered himself mortal and fallible, with only reigning literary companion Bernice to keep an eye on things and sustain the bridge between him and the

reader. The next highest placed piece of fiction is *enfant terrible* Lawrence Miles' literally inconoclastic **Alien Bodies**, which takes place after the Doctor's death. Even when it does touch on the past, it strip-mines it, and recycles it almost unrecognisably (the Krotons get a credible rematch). **The Dying Days** apparently does to the Doctor what BBC licensing did to Virgin's Doctor Who range, **The Burning** wipes the Doctor's mental slate clean, giving him 100 years to discover who he is, and **The Infinity Doctors** retells the legend of Doctor Who as it might have happened, but didn't. Marvellous

books, all. And that's before we get to **Interference**, the two-volume act of terrorism to Doctor Who continuity that dared to change the series' very history, or **Who**



Killed Kennedy, the addictive pseudo-documentary about a reporter who tries to investigate UNIT and its scientific advisor, interweaving observations of events seen on TV decades before with a conspiracy theory of epic proportions. All show that many of us who pick up the books positively enjoy the unexpected as much as the familiar.

Before this starts sounding like Bob Mackenzie or Peter Snow on election night, let's distill what we've learned into a few hard-won hints for would-be Paul Cornells.

1. Stick to what you're best at. Gareth Roberts writes affectionate looks at the past with the rich vocabulary and aplomb of Stephen Fry on a good day. On the other hand, his *New Adventures* are distinctly throwaway affairs. Which is why none of you voted for them.

2. Alternatively, write in as many different styles as possible, and you're bound to please everyone eventually. I have no idea who makes up the collective known as 'Steve Lyons', but I cannot believe the authors of **The Witch Hunters**, **Killing Ground**, and **The Crooked World** are the same person.

3. Put some pictures in. **The Sixties** is at number 2, but the *First- and Second Doctor Handbooks* are nowhere. Would **Doctor Who and the Day of the Daleks** be at number 22 without "Map of the Grounds and Environs of Austerly House"? You know it wouldn't.

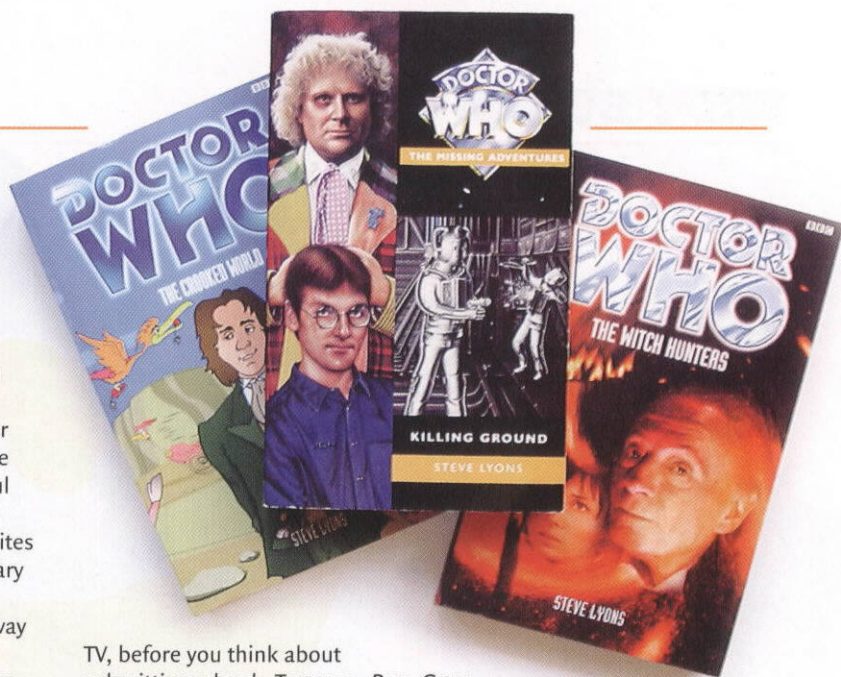
4. Work on the TV show, or at least talk about it on

TV, before you think about submitting a book. Terrance, Ben, Gary, Kim and Mark all know who I mean. And so do you, o fickle voter.

5. Finally, get in there first. Books published early on have elbowed out their successors from this poll. Ranges, arcs, and sequences delight us at their inception more than their conclusion. So it seems that even in the printed medium, we're true to our stereotype, and that *Doctor Who* books just aren't as good as they used to be.

How could it be any other way?

DAVE OWEN



1 HUMAN NATURE [a Paul Cornell p 1995 NA 1203 points]	26 TIMEFRAME [a Howe-Stammers-Walker p 1993 NF 240 points]
2 THE SIXTIES [a Howe-Stammers-Walker p 1992 NF 1014 points]	27 TIMEWYRM: REVELATION [a Paul Cornell p 1992 NA 236 points]
3 THE SEVENTIES [a Howe-Stammers-Walker p 1994 NF 976 points]	28 THE ROMANCE OF CRIME [a Gareth Roberts p 1995 MA 223 points]
4 THE TELEVISION COMPANION [a Howe-Stammers-Walker p 1998 NF 904 points]	29 INTERFERENCE [a Lawrence Miles p 1999 EDA 200 points]
5 ALIEN BODIES [a Lawrence Miles p 1999 EDA 894 points]	30 THE MYTH MAKERS [a Donald Cotton p 1985 N 179 points]
6 THE DISCONTINUITY GUIDE [a Cornell-Day-Topping p 1995 NF 831 points]	31 JUST WAR [a Lance Parkin p 1996 NA 157 points]
7 IN AN EXCITING ADVENTURE WITH THE DALEKS [a David Whitaker p 1964 N 799 points]	32 REMEMBRANCE OF THE DALEKS [a Ben Aaronovitch p 1990 N 144 points]
8 TIMEWYRM: EXODUS [a Terrance Dicks p 1991 NA 782 points]	33 TIME AND RELATIVE [a Kim Newman p 2001 TN 123 points]
9 THE WITCH HUNTERS [a Steve Lyons p 1998 PDA 726 points]	34 SANDS OF TIME [a Justin Richards p 1996 MA 111 points]
10 THE ENGLISH WAY OF DEATH [a Gareth Roberts p 1996 MA 741 points]	35 AND THE CAVE-MONSTERS [a Malcolm Hulke p 1974 N 108 points]
11 THE ALSO PEOPLE [a Ben Aaronovitch p 1995 NA 621 points]	36 THE SHADOW IN THE GLASS [a Justin Richards p 2001 PDA 104 points]
12 THE DYING DAYS [a Lance Parkin p 1997 NA 614 points]	37 BLOOD HARVEST [a Terrance Dicks p 1994 NA 103 points]
13 THE BURNING [a Justin Richards p 2001 EDA 603 points]	38 BUSINESS UNUSUAL [a Gary Russell p 1997 PDA 101 points]
14 NIGHTSHADE [a Mark Gatiss p 1992 NA 568 points]	39 AND THE AUTON INVASION [a Terrance Dicks p 1974 N 100 points]
15 THE INFINITY DOCTORS [a Lance Parkin p 1998 PDA 512 points]	40 THE ROUNDHEADS [a Mark Gatiss p 1997 PDA 99 points]
16 THE EIGHT DOCTORS [a Terrance Dicks p 1997 EDA 488 points]	41 THE CROOKED WORLD [a Steve Lyons p 2002 EDA 97 points]
17 THE PLOTTERS [a Gareth Roberts p 1996 MA 436 points]	42 WHO KILLED KENNEDY [a David Bishop p 1996 MA 95 points]
18 FATHER TIME [a Lance Parkin p 2001 EDA 429 points]	43 MILLENNIAL RITES [a Craig Hinton p 1995 MA 94 points]
19 LOVE AND WAR [a Paul Cornell p 1992 NA 393 points]	44 THE DOCTOR WHO MONSTER BOOK [a Terrance Dicks p 1976 NF 91 points]
20 FROM A TO Z [a Gary Gillatt p 1998 NF 359 points]	45 KILLING GROUND [a Steve Lyons p 1996 MA 90 points]
21 LUNGBARROW [a Marc Platt p 1997 NA 327 points]	46 CAMERA OBSCURA [a Lloyd Rose p 2002 EDA 88 points]
22 AND THE DAY OF THE DALEKS [a Terrance Dicks p 1974 N 301 points]	47 VAMPIRE SCIENCE [a Orman-Blum p 1997 EDA 87 points]
23 REGENERATION [a Segal-Russell p 2000 NF 262 points]	48 AND THE DÆMONS [a Barry Letts p 1974 N 86 points]
24 CYBERMEN [a David Banks p 1988 NF 247 points]	49 VENUSIAN LULLABY [a Paul Leonard p 1994 MA 83 points]
25 THE EIGHTIES [a Howe-Stammers-Walker p 1996 NF 243 points]	50 FURY FROM THE DEEP [a Victor Pemberton p 1986 N 81 points]

KEY a Author p Year of publication N Novelisation NF Non-fiction NA Virgin New Adventure MA Virgin Missing Adventure EDA BBC Eighth Doctor Adventure PDA BBC Past Doctor Adventure TN Telos Novella



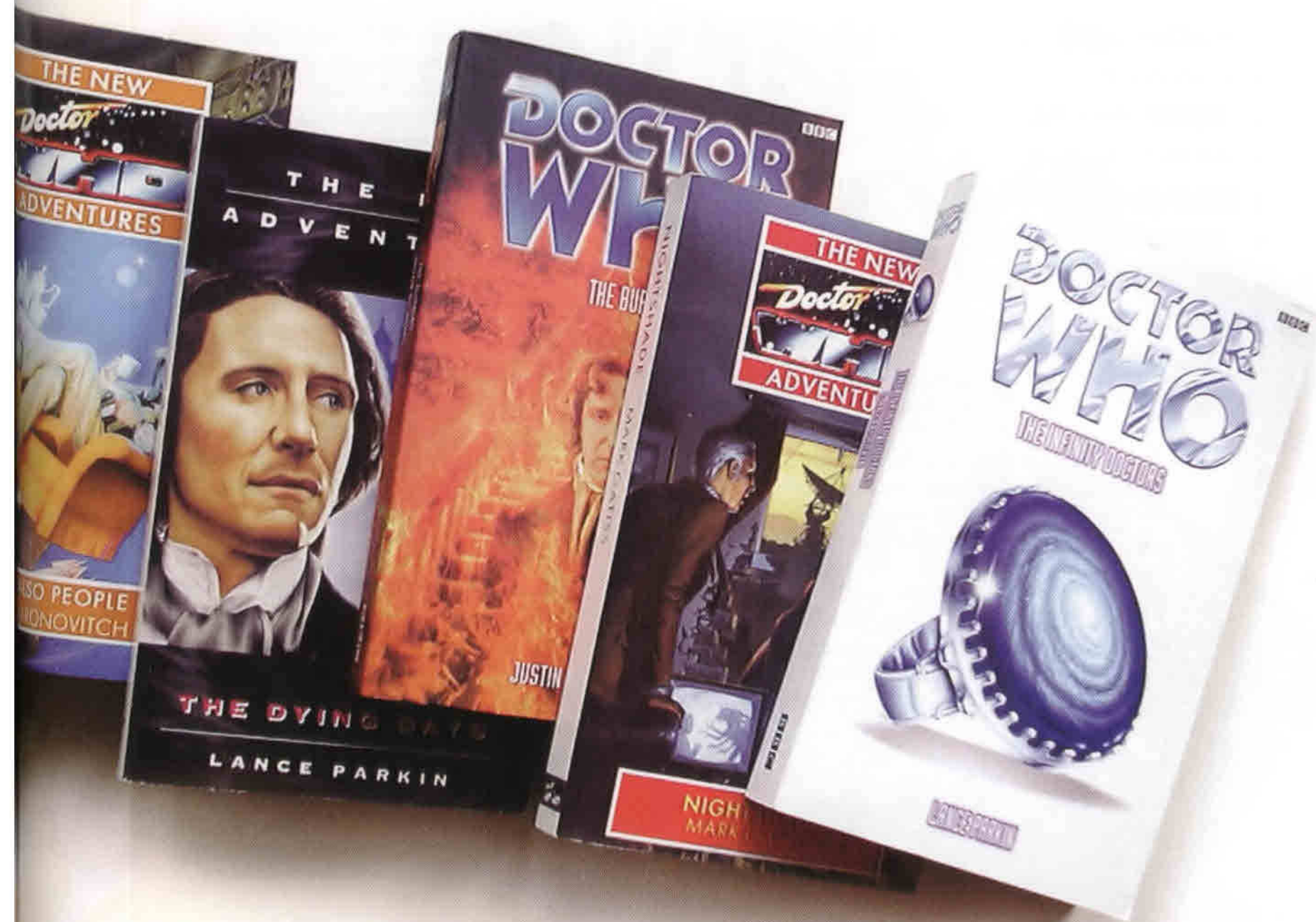
TOP 10 ORIGINAL FICTION BOOKS

Ten stories, 12 years. We have literally grown up with the *Doctor Who* novels, just as much as with the TV series – they’ve taken me from a 19-year-old reading the first books in my dorm room, to a married and settled 31-year-old writing them. And the ten best stories selected in this poll have captured snapshots of the wide range of things we fans have valued over that time.

The two top books from the first, pre-Bernice, era are neither the consciously radical ones, like *Revelation* or *Transit*, nor the conservative ones like *Witch Mark* or *Apocalypse*, but the books which drew from both camps. **Timewyrm: Exodus** fuses Terrance Dicks' televisual deftness with Peter Darvill-Evans' conscious moral ambiguity – taking the Nazi fixation of the TV Seventh Doctor era a step farther, and involving the reader to the point where you find yourself cheering the arrival of

Goering's cavalry. And **Nightshade** uses its nostalgic trappings – the myth that *TV Doctor Who* was often set in a sleepy, wet English village – to tell a story in which nostalgia is the enemy. When these books came out, nothing was overexposed, and they explored all sorts of new devices; these days flashbacks to the Doctor's past, resurrected second-string villains, romances for Ace, and throwaway references like the Sisterhood Salve from *Karn* may have been done to death, but only because these were among the stories which definitively *did* them.

With the arrival of the *Missing Adventures*, we have the ultimate fan pastiche in **The English Way Of Death** – one which goes deeper than simply copying the visible formulae and style of the show, to locating the soul which produced them. There's only one or two actual TV *Who* stories which share this book's style, and Gareth



Roberts makes hardly any direct reference to other stories at all – but he draws on the broader archetypes of Whoish storytelling which underlie them. The book is powered not just by the laugh-out-loud evocation of Tom and Lalla at their peak, but by the genuine, sustained storyline full of perfectly-placed developments. It doesn't try to have much of an 'edge' – but it has a solid chocolatey centre.

Under Rebecca Levene's editorship, the late *New Adventures* showcased a different sort of fannish value, one perhaps suited to an older audience five years down the line from *Exodus*: they consistently put a spotlight on characters, exploring emotional resonances which couldn't fit in a half-hour adventure slot. All the way up to *Lungbarrow*, which contrasts the Doctor's narrow and spiteful 'real' family with the fractious but heartfelt bonds among his adopted family of travelling companions.

Human Nature, the top book of them all, is the one most directly focused on the Doctor's character; it gives us a ringing statement of what he really stands for, by challenging everything which surrounds that core. It gives us a humanised Doctor who falls in love – but nobody complains that it diminishes his unique nature, because we see how his specialness survives without the usual props. It both evokes and undercuts our cosy assumptions of teatime adventure; we're constantly reminded that its Little England is about to embrace a

world war with a brutal patriotic insanity which makes the most slapdash of *Doctor Who* scenarios seem sensible by comparison. Against this backdrop, the Doctor's principles and heroics are no less impressive for being writ small.

The three late NAs in this poll share something previously unthinkable in *Doctor Who*: in different ways, they're all love stories. (Even in **The Dying Days**, the girl gets the Doctor.) And all three give us penetrating glimpses into the Doctor's mind. (The Doctor quietly crying over lost love – or lost ability to love – where only his pet cat can see him. The Doctor letting the universe manage without him for just a little while, taking time to

“We have literally grown up with the novels, just as much as with the TV series”

play the spoons and entertain children. The Doctor watching Roz watch feLiXi in **The Also People**, silently begging her to let herself feel what he can't feel himself. The Doctor looking back over his life without fear, then smiling at death and offering it a jelly baby.) They're all consciously whimsical as well as dramatic. Fan-pleasing references to the past crop up – streamlined Ice Warriors, Time Lord backstory, NA characters like

- 1 HUMAN NATURE
- 2 ALIEN BODIES
- 3 TIMEWYRM: EXODUS
- 4 THE WITCH HUNTERS
- 5 THE ENGLISH WAY OF DEATH
- 6 THE ALSO PEOPLE
- 7 THE DYING DAYS
- 8 THE BURNING
- 9 NIGHTSHADE
- 10 THE INFINITY DOCTORS

Kadiatu and Guy – but these are familiar spices used to flavour adventurous dishes. And yet they still manage to feel like the *Doctor Who* we dreamed we saw.

It's not surprising that **The Witch Hunters** also finds its strength in character; the original TARDIS team seen in the first season got the closest to interpersonal drama the show ever saw. But again, the book reaches deeper – Susan's hysteria does far more damage to Ian than a momentary fit in *Edge of Destruction* did – while still feeling like something that could have aired.

Alien Bodies marks a shift in approach, which characterised the next few years of successful books: with an unfamiliar Doctor and an unloved companion, familial bonds are replaced by really big eyeball-kicking ideas. Instead of the past or even the present, the book focuses on the future – and it's a dazzling and

the other it resists the fannish urge to pin down ambiguity, by fitting equally well forwards, backwards, or sideways in time. Its Doctor stands alone – again with no established personal bonds, and a disturbing fate for companion-figure Larna – and yet it manages to be both a love story and a big-canvas tale of the far end of the universe.

Both these books are iconic and huge. It takes **The Burning** to be iconic and small. Justin Richards' novel reacts against the big-scale stories and returns to an English-village setting, while consciously evoking archetypal *Who* moments in unexpected ways. It reconnects with the underlying meanings which first made them effective. Where *The Infinity Doctors* was designed to work as a satisfying story for two different audiences – a stand-alone SF novel for a reader who had never encountered *Doctor Who* before, a source of hidden mind-games for those who know the minutiae – *The Burning* takes a step further and makes these two types of readers see through each others' eyes. A new reader can engage with the mystery of who the Doctor is, without feeling that they are expected to know the answers already: uniquely, the book points readers to find answers in future stories, rather than past ones they haven't read. And to a fan reader who thinks they know all there is to know about the Doctor, the book shows him through fresh eyes – showing his complexity not through revealed thoughts but ambiguous actions. This fire-and-ice Doctor must be just as startling as William Hartnell was 40 years ago. Again, this book consciously draws on the past, present, and future of *Doctor Who* at once.

“Under Rebecca Levene’s editorship, the later New Adventures consistently spotlighted characters.”

frightening one, with series touchstones like UNIT and the Time Lords grown cold and desperate. A shadowy final Doctor steals the show. Even the whimsy, like the reinterpreted Krotons, now has teeth. More than any of the other books on this list *Alien Bodies* gives fans a huge canvas to play on, and yanks *Doctor Who*'s mythology from the context of Greek, Egyptian, or Buddhist tales where the gods have an eternal afternoon, to the Norse or Aztec mindset where every hero dies.

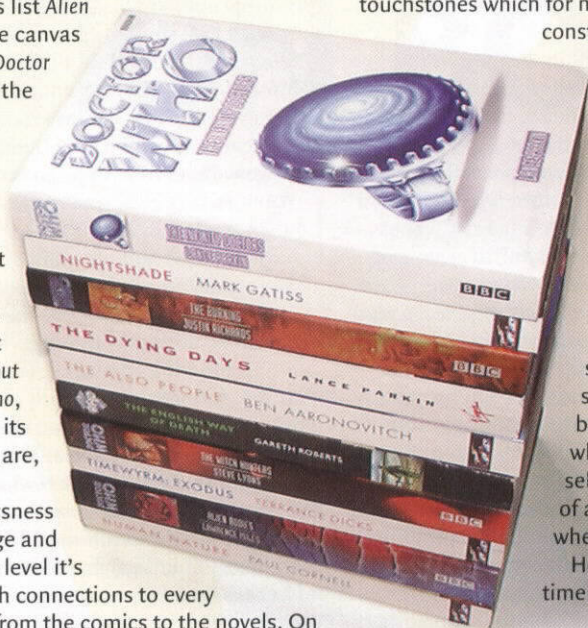
The Infinity Doctors takes this to a different level: it tells a story about the canvas of *Doctor Who*, how amazingly flexible its characters and images are, and how they can be reduced to meaninglessness by not accepting change and consequences. On one level it's supremely fannish, with connections to every form of Gallifrey seen from the comics to the novels. On

The producers of *Buffy* and *Angel* have bemoaned the lack of a single unifying metaphor for the decade following the escape from high school. And yet, almost without trying, the *Doctor Who* books found those touchstones which for me summed up my twenties: the construction of a new family, a circle

of friends, and the thrilling turbulence of the relationships between them. (Both in the books themselves, and the fan community which surrounds them.) The endless tensions between principle and practicality, between the way the universe is and the way you're sure it could be. The struggle with big issues, the satisfaction of small ones. Hearts broken and healed at a pace which dizzies my older, settled self. And underlying it all, the sense of a great open-ended adventure, where anything is possible.

How I pity the poor souls for whom time stopped in 1989.

JONATHAN BLUM



TOP 10 NON-FICTION BOOKS



We are so lucky, as *Doctor Who* fans, to have so many factual books. Having collected non-fiction television books for some decades, the vast majority of my cheap MFI shelving is choked with reference works about the fella Howard daSilva once described as “our Time Lord friend.” A measuring tape confirms a staggering 56 inches of titles, textual treatises, transmission times and trivia. 56 inches! Stand that on the floor and it comes well above my ... expectations!

The range is staggering. Varied tomes tell me everything from Sophie Aldred’s memories of Billy Smart’s Circus through to how many times Garron sold Mirabilis Minor. Depending on the volume consulted, 31 January 1969 is either the day Ace foiled an attempt on the lives of the Beatles, or when Episode Five of *The Seeds of Death* was in studio. Cast lists in billing, appearance or alphabetical orders await consultation by fact-hungry fans on par with those who check classic footy line-ups in Rothman’s or batting averages in Wisden.

And amidst this lucky crowd, I count myself as being luckier still, having often had the chance to feast my eyes on such works prior to them hitting the shelves of

Waterstones. Once, back in my bachelor days, a good friend dropped by unannounced and I had to hurriedly find a place for him to sit in a lounge dominated by videotapes and paperwork. “Excuse the rubbish,” I commented, transferring a precarious paper pile from armchair to last small vacant patch of carpet. He glanced down at the shifted notes, eagerly flicked through them, and commented, “The thing about your house is that even the rubbish is fascinating ...”

What he’d been enjoying was a glimpse at the manuscript of *Doctor Who: The Sixties* some months

“We are so lucky to have so many factual Doctor Who books.”

before publication. He was every bit as delighted as the thousands who bought the tome, and those writing rave reviews in the cult TV press. *The Sixties* was a landmark publication, arriving at a time when the forces of darkness had taken *Doctor Who* from our screens and a whole new non-TV existence was opening up. With surface deposits of new information from the John Nathan-Turner era exhausted, writers now burrowed



deep into the past for fresh reserves of facts which had lain undisturbed for many years. At this time, the 1960s was a mythical decade, seldom seen on commercial videotape and comprising 5% memories and 95% Target novelisations. Regardless of *Doctor Who*, it's a magical ten-year period anyway, as the grey post-war cocoon split, and the Beatles and the Space Race grabbed the nation's interest; a romantic and adventurous epoch, when it was suave Napoleon Solo and enigmatic Illya Kuryakin who battled Thrush rather than a tube of Canesten Cream.

book which listed minor crew, interminable script rewrites and reams of music cue details a financially viable proposition for a reputable publisher. After all, consider what most television series end up with in the printed stakes: the hurriedly compiled *Making Of* book assembled over a weekend by a journalist who – although he has never caught a single edition of the show under scrutiny – has access to all the studio press releases on the cast, the crew, and what style the producer has their kitchen decorated in. Plus the

“The information explosion of the early 1990s created a work that set new standards for *Doctor Who* documentation.”

obligatory episode guide assembled by his short-sighted pet baboon while he was down the Co-Op. Talking of obligatory episode guides, *Doctor Who* has been blessed with many

The information explosion of the early 1990s, when allied to a keen eye for design, created a work which set new standards for *Doctor Who* documentation. Naturally it was followed by the smash-hit sequel **The Seventies** and, ultimately, **The Eighties** (by which time one imagined ad-lines like “And this time it’s personal ...”). Though high in quality, these noble spin-offs couldn’t quite capture the mystique of the missing monochrome decade. In many ways, **Doctor Who: Regeneration** performed the same task of gloriously illustrated summarisation for the 1990s, while at the same time demonstrating that *Doctor Who* was a subject which could demand monumental works based on a mere 85 minutes of television. The thirst of its followers made a

in all shapes, sizes and styles. For some years *The Doctor Who Programme Guide* reigned supreme, but from a point in history which allowed a better perspective, **Doctor Who: The Television Companion** weighed in like an informative breeze block, offering the plots and cast lists the hardened *Making Of* book buyer would expect, but also production trivia, classic quotes and the like. This is what marks *Doctor Who* out from the crowd; alongside the dry facts of name, date and place comes an explosion of myriad views to challenge the established stances on classics and clunkers alike. How did reaction from a fanzine with a circulation of one man and his toy Kg ten years ago compare to the contemporary learned tones of that bastion of cult TV critique, the *Huddersfield*



Daily Examiner? And, more importantly, where did you stand in the debate?

The chronology of criticism cleverly allowed the reader to feel involved, and was a potent element of **Doctor Who: The DisContinuity Guide** – the antidote to facts and figures. From its challenging, if not antagonistic, introduction to its final verdict on Paul McGann, it was a landmark in accessible, fun television reference works which focused on certain thematic aspects, pondered over how on-screen continuity errors could be reconciled ... and showed that there was plenty to laugh at along the way. A handy work to have beside the sofa when spooling through a VHS. But for something more wholesome in analytic terms, **Doctor Who From A – Z** went the extra mile. Not content merely to comment, it approached twenty-six fundamental aspects of our favourite show in the manner of a scientist demonstrating a new hypothesis. The reader was teased with the promise of discovery in waiting, bombarded with supporting evidence, and left satisfied with a wholesome conclusion akin to the warm glow of an astronaut's thermal underwear.

And if factual analysis did it for *From A – Z*, it was the extremities of fictional extrapolation that made **Doctor Who: Cybermen** such a talked-about study. Taking a leaf from the Sherlock Holmes fans – “let’s pretend it’s all real” – it fills in all those off-screen scenes to show exactly how the Earthshock Cyber Leader can watch events that apparently haven’t happened yet ... and even locates Planet 14 to boot! And let’s not forget the pictures. *Doctor Who* was an extraordinary literate but also a fundamentally visual product, and as such **Doctor Who: Timeframe** offered a glorious scrapbook of major landmarks and forgotten side-streets in the programme’s history – as well as making a handsome 30-year history of the show to get stars to scribble in at signing sessions. And before that, back in the days when Executive Account Managers were still called travelling salesmen and *Doctor Who* was Saturday tea-time adventure with a pocket-money following, what ten-year-old could resist the lure of **The Doctor Who Monster Book** – a simple, basic, wholesome, old-fashioned-like-grandma-used-to-make book which offered a plethora of classic, much-loved black and white BBC publicity shots and which didn’t ruin your appetite between meals.

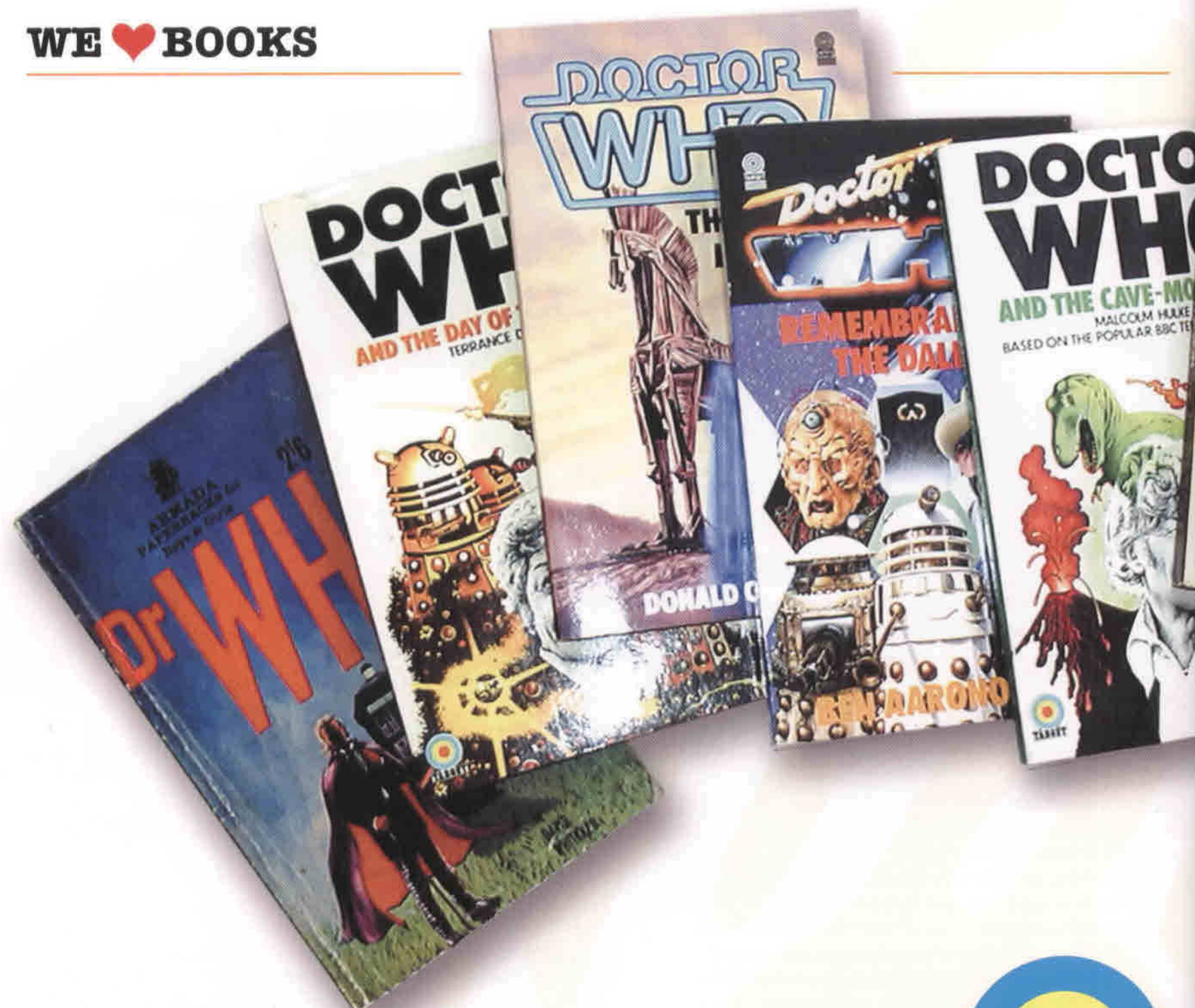
- 1 DOCTOR WHO: THE SIXTIES
- 2 DOCTOR WHO: THE SEVENTIES
- 3 DOCTOR WHO: THE TELEVISION COMPANION
- 4 DOCTOR WHO: THE DISCONTINUITY GUIDE
- 5 DOCTOR WHO: FROM A – Z
- 6 DOCTOR WHO: REGENERATION
- 7 DOCTOR WHO: CYBERMEN
- 8 DOCTOR WHO: THE EIGHTIES
- 9 DOCTOR WHO: TIMEFRAME
- 10 DOCTOR WHO: THE DOCTOR WHO MONSTER BOOK

So you’ve got the lot – from classic shots of Daleks on Westminster Bridge to researched recording dates by way of double entendres and theses. From the wide-eyed seven-year-old wanting to know what a Zarbi looked like, to the grizzled researcher seeking the minutiae of the missing moments, I know that I’m very lucky to own these 56 inches of happiness ...

ANDREW PIXLEY

“What ten-year-old could resist the lure of **The Doctor Who Monster Book?**”





TOP 10 TARGET NOVELISATIONS

A wise and learned man (I forget who) wrote, nigh on 20 years ago in this very magazine, that next to the TV episodes, the Target novelisations were pretty much the most important thing in Doctor Who. Of course, this was in an age when monthly VHS and DVD releases of old stories were a pipe dream and, indeed, there were still a significant number of novelisations to go. By the early 1990s, the novelisations had drained away almost to zilch, with just re-jacketed copies of older books dribbling out of Virgin Publishing (who'd taken over the Target imprint by then). Oh and there was one, super-duper wonderfully important novelisation in 1996, but no one remembers that much ...

As a fan of these Target books, I've always broken them down into four 'Ages':

The Golden Age: That glorious run starting with ... and the Daleks back in 1973 and running through to about The Giant Robot, heralding a new era of 'bridge' logo and cartoony covers by Peter Brookes.

The Silver Age: A solid, dependable and fun bunch of books, starting with Giant Robot in 1975 and going through to about 1978, when The Tomb of the Cybermen was defrosted.

The Bronze Age: Sadly the longest period, a point at which the respective editors of Target appeared to chain Terrance Dicks to his desk, stand over him with a sub-machine gun and force him to put out a 126-page novelisation almost monthly. It wasn't Terrance's fault really, but comparing the likes of *Destiny of the Daleks* with *Day of the Daleks*, or *Warriors of the Deep* with *The Sea Devils* is like comparing Dairy Milk with cooking chocolate!



The Modern Age: Started up once Nigel Robinson took over the editorial reigns of the books and continued until Virgin wrapped it all up with John Peel's two Troughton/Dalek tomes in 1993.

It's interesting that your Top Ten favourite Target novelisations (well, actually, there's 11) all come from the, subjectively speaking, better ends of the spectrum.

In tenth (and eleventh) place (he says in best Tom Browne voice – and that will mean nothing to those of you who weren't buying these books when they came out in 1973!) is John Peel's two-volume, erm, masterpiece, **The Daleks' Masterplan**. Starting with Part I: Mission to the Unknown, this saw Peel, the inheritor in so many ways of Terry Nation's flame, making sense of the many garbled and incorrect bits of information that had been gleaned over the years from a story that only survives in two episodes and, at the time this was written, a couple of snatches of silent Dalek footage. A terrific romp, deliberately kitsch and given a bit of a 1960s retro makeover at a time when retro wasn't in vogue, this has it all:

feel that you've read a good, solid exciting adventure with the Daleks. Which is ironic in a way ...

At Number Nine, it's the same author from the same Age – this time with his novelisation of **The Evil of the Daleks**. Of all Peel's books, this is the one that takes the least liberties with the source material – possibly acknowledging how good David Whitaker's original scripts were. Again, The last novelisation of a television story (until the 1996 TV Movie), there's no denying that this saw the range end on a high.

At Number Eight, pulp-pickers, it's the first novelisation that broke the 126-page count in donkey's

“Next to the TV episodes, the Target novelisations were the most important part of Doctor Who...”

spaceships and ray-guns, monsters and black-hearted villains, Daleks and the masters of the 12 galaxies. If Nation had intended this as the equivalent of a Doctor Who movie back in 1965, then John Peel saw it as the opportunity to have fun with tiny self-referential moments and laughs along the way. The second volume, *The Mutation of Time* perhaps goes too far in that respect, the adaptation of *The Feast of Steven* turning Z-Cars actors into fictional policemen, but by the end of the book, you

years, Victor Pemberton's dark and moody **Fury From the Deep**. So important that Target gave it a tag line – listing it on the cover as 'now a bumper volume' (not that there had ever been a non 'bumper' Fury before, but hey-ho). It's a book that you can sense the author really enjoyed writing and, despite having one of the least exciting covers of all time, the fact that it's a damn good story, well re-told has clearly, and rightly, put it into your hall of fame.

- 1 DR WHO IN AN EXCITING ADVENTURE WITH THE DALEKS
- 2 DOCTOR WHO AND THE DAY OF THE DALEKS
- 3 DOCTOR WHO: THE MYTH MAKERS
- 4 DOCTOR WHO: REMEMBRANCE OF THE DALEKS
- 5 DOCTOR WHO AND THE CAVE MONSTERS
- 6 DOCTOR WHO AND THE AUTON INVASION
- 7 DOCTOR WHO AND THE DÆMONS
- 8 DOCTOR WHO: FURY FROM THE DEEP
- 9 DOCTOR WHO: THE EVIL OF THE DALEKS
- 10 DOCTOR WHO: THE DALEKS' MASTERPLAN

At Number Seven, it's the start of a trilogy of favourites harkening back to the early days – Barry Letts' **Doctor Who and the Dæmons**. From Chris Achilleos' wonderful cover, through Alan Willow's delightful internal illustrations, this book sums up those heady days when novelisations were both irregular and unmissable. Letts takes his TV story and gives it a real soul, letting us see so many of the events from a multitude of points of view. It's not hard to see why the people that made it so often cited it as a favourite story. As if knowing this, Letts ensured that the print version did not let the side down.

In sixth place, Terrance Dicks makes the first of two appearances in this selection (amazing, considering that

“Let's not forget Chris Achilleos' superb internal illustrations...”

of over 155 novelisations, about half were by him) with the unforgettable version of *Spearhead from Space* known as **Doctor Who and the Auton Invasion**. Again, it's the depth of character that makes this – you cannot help but feel for Harry Ransome as his old factory becomes alien, or for Sam and Meg Seeley as their comfortable life is disrupted. And let's not forget Chris Achilleos' internal illustrations for this one – that picture of the Auton standing over a dead policeman on page 135 freaked me out for life! You wouldn't get away with that today in a book about the children's own programme that adults adore ...

In fifth place, it's Malcolm Hulke's re-telling of the next TV adventure along, *Doctor Who and the Silurians*, now rather more excitingly titled **Doctor Who and the Cave Monsters**. Huge liberties were taken with the last quarter of this book, with whole storylines

from the TV version exorcised in place of new ones, and added to this is Hulke's trademark point-of-view work. We get to know why Miss Dawson never married, why Major Barker was sent to Wenley Moor and just what Morka thinks of Fur-Under-Nose, Frock Coat and Silver Buttons. For what it's worth to you, dear reader, it's this writer's favourite *Doctor Who* book ever!

In fourth place, we jump right up to date with one of the last batch of books – the standard bearers for the subsequent *New Adventures* range – Ben Aaronovitch's tremendous **Remembrance of the Daleks**. By this stage, 126 pages were firmly in the past and although not quite of the length of *Transit* or *The Also People*, *Remembrance* is both a better book and story than those because, working to a tighter word count, Aaronovitch makes every word, er, count. This is possibly the pinnacle of the latter novelisations and one to which everyone who has ever enjoyed Virgin's original fiction, of any of the BBC ranges, owes an enormous debt of gratitude.

Entering the Top Three now, and we find a comedy book; the genuinely funny, clever, witty and inspired **The Myth Makers** by Donald Cotton. Hartnell novelisations are well represented in this Top Ten, and this latter-day classic deserves its place here, simply by its unique method of storytelling. Delightfully told in the first person by someone who takes no real part in the story (other than losing his eyes) until the closing pages, it's a work of sheer comic genius.

The penultimate book is, for those interested in such minutiae, the first *Doctor Who* novel I ever read, **Doctor Who and the Day of the Daleks**. With its re-named characters and houses, its cut scenes reinstated and, best of all, its ability to make the Daleks terrifying and evil, Terrance Dicks (his second appearance here) deserves all the kudos he

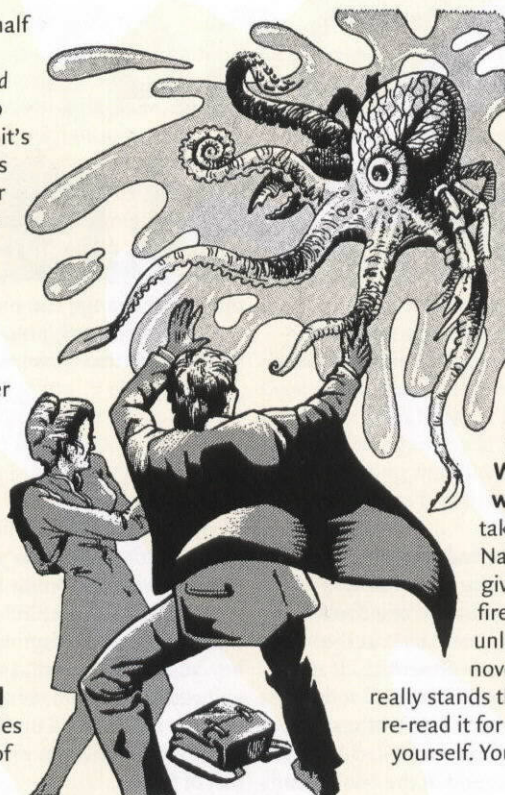
gets for this one. And top marks to for supplying the plans of Austerly House!

And straight in at Number One – as if there could be any doubt – we have first person narrative, proto-Davros-esque glass Daleks, Barnes Common, Susan English, Donnelly's rockets and the simmering love affair between Ian and Barbara (which is picked up on in the novelisation of *The Crusaders*, trivia freaks take note). It is of course the one that started

in all, back in 1964, **Doctor Who in an Exciting Adventure with the Daleks**. David Whitaker takes all that's great about Terry Nation's first *Doctor Who* script and gives it an even bigger dose of fireside warmth and magic. And, unlike so many of the Target novelisations that it begat, this one

really stands the test of time. What? You've not re-read it for a few years? Go on, treat yourself. You won't be sorry ...

GARY RUSSELL



WE ♥ COMIC STRIPS



THE TIDES OF TIME

WHOPP
WHOPP

1st Place, 1001 points.

Writer **STEVE PARKHOUSE**, Art **DAVE GIBBONS**. Featuring **THE FIFTH DOCTOR, SHAYDE**.
Published **1982** in **DOCTOR WHO MONTHLY** #61 – #67

When published in 1982, *The Tides of Time* – the first comic strip to feature Peter Davison's Doctor – was the longest and most ambitious Doctor Who strip yet. Ground-breaking at the time, today it is judged to be nothing less than the Doctor's finest graphic adventure.

Steve Parkhouse, who wrote the script for this seven-part serial, remains one of the most talented and imaginative writers ever to work on Doctor Who. His stories range from the whimsical (*The Shape Shifter*), through the intimate and moving (*Lunar Lagoon*) to the epic (*Voyager*). *The Tides of Time* is all of these things, and stands as an example of Doctor Who at its very best.

Perhaps the most impressive aspect of *The Tides of Time* is its sheer scope. In his quest to seize control of the all-powerful Event Synthesizer from the demon Melanicus, the Doctor travels from Stockbridge in the heart of rural England (although the village is not named until later), to Gallifrey, then through a bizarre dream-like dimension at the centre of a galactic maelstrom. After a visit to the Althrace system – a group of planets welded into an enormous structure, and set spinning within a White Hole – the Doctor faces his demon in a twisted, post-apocalypse version of the village in which the story begins. Each of these locations is vividly brought to life by artist Dave Gibbons, and certain sequences – such as the Doctor's roller-coaster ride into hell – remain some of the most striking images Doctor Who has ever offered, in any medium.

Along the way, the Doctor meets all manner of memorable characters. His companion for this adventure is Sir Justin, a brave and noble knight whose ultimate act of self-sacrifice – “Driven by the strength of conviction and righteous fury” – gives the climax of the story real emotional impact. The Doctor is also assisted by the Gallifreyan agent Shayde (“A shadow – like that of a man, yet not wholly human”), an enigmatic figure whose relationship with our hero was only just beginning.

In addition, *The Tides of Time* was the first Doctor Who adventure to give face and character to Rassilon, the founder of the Time Lords. Living on inside the Matrix of Gallifrey, Parkhouse's Rassilon was both awe-inspiring and sinister by turn. Later, when the character turned up on TV in *The Five Doctors* – looking like Old King Cole on a night down the disco – he was justifiably greeted with derision by comic fans.

In his Doctor Who work, Steve Parkhouse employs several significant stylistic ‘tricks’. He uses a great number of descriptive captions, all heavy with metaphor, to enrich our understanding of his settings and characters. Moreover, these captions are also written entirely in the past tense – an approach rarely employed by comic writers. This lends his strips a tone of a story book; as if they were the hushed re-telling of a mythic tale from long ago, with us his privileged audience. Also, Parkhouse offers us frequent insights into the Doctor's own thoughts via the comic device of the ‘thinks bubble’. In fact, the climax of the tale, as the Doctor realises the fate of the universe may hang on a single ball in game of cricket, is told to us entirely through Parkhouse's storybook descriptions and the Doctor's own internal doubts and fears. Parkhouse expertly focuses our attention on the very heart of the tale, and our understanding of the significance of events is so clear that when we ultimately learn that the universe is safe, it is from the use of a single sound effect – Crak! – as the Doctor wallops the cricket ball to the boundary.

The Tides of Time had a huge effect



“Are these daily miracles not enough to make you happy?”

upon its readers. Fifteen years later, another Doctor would begin his comic strip adventures on the green of Stockbridge village, as his eighth incarnation stepped from the TARDIS to embrace the rich history of the Marvel strip.

It's fitting, therefore, that the Eighth Doctor's long-serving comic companion, Izzy Sinclair, was raised in Stockbridge – born on the day of the Doctor's first visit there in 1979. Perhaps, as a two-year-old girl, little Izzy watched his crucial cricket match on the village green. If so, then along with the readers of *The Tides of Time*, she was one of thousands to witness just how thrilling and inspirational the Doctor's comic strip adventures can be.

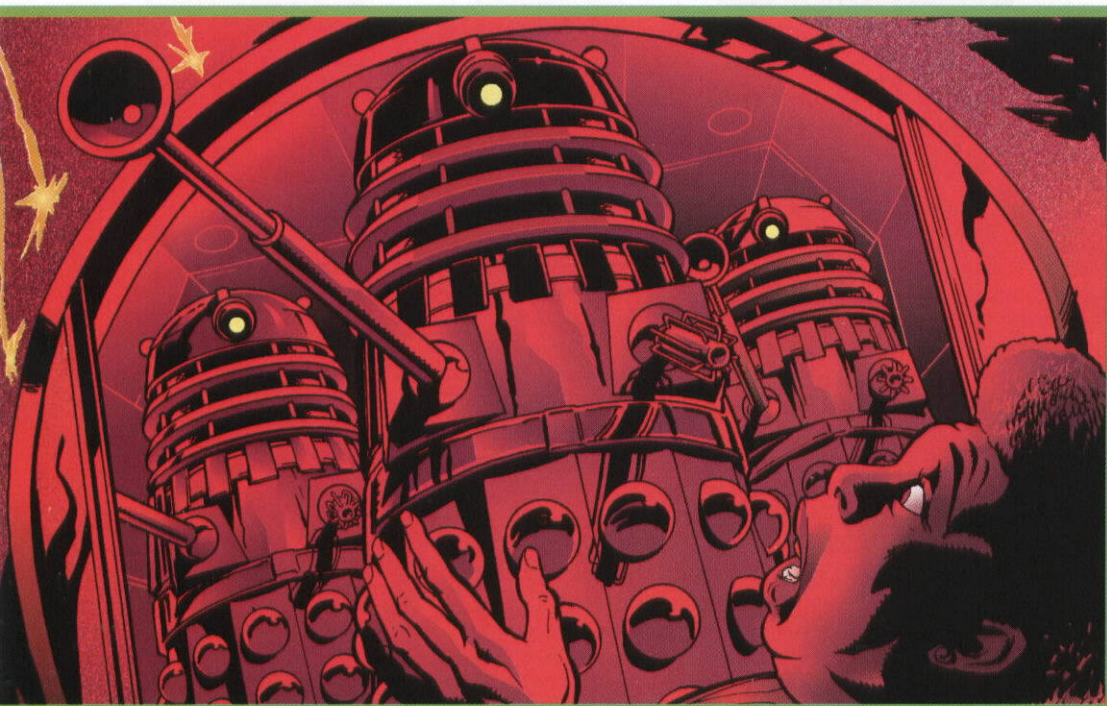
GARY GILLATT

CHILDREN OF THE REVOLUTION

WHOP WHOP

2nd Place, 890 points.

Writer **SCOTT GRAY**, Art **LEE SULLIVAN**, Colours **ADRIAN SALMON**. Featuring **THE EIGHTH DOCTOR, IZZY**. Published 2002 in **DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE** #312 – #317



Revolution did just that for at least one reader (me).

Appearing at around the time of Big Finish's Dalek Empire series and a whole year in advance of the magnificent Jubilee, *Children of the Revolution* served as early notice of how creative minds had realised that, even after forty years, there remained unfulfilled potential in the Daleks. Beneath Lee Sullivan and Adrian Salmon's aesthetically pleasing veneer lay something even better.

Daleks are not robots, and they are not emotionless; they are cunning and intelligent. A major part of intelligence is the willingness and aptitude to learn; to learn both as a discipline and as a means of compensating for (and not repeating) previous mistakes. Thus while their designs and

A force occupies the mind(s) of all those who sit in the editorial chair at **Doctor Who Magazine**, a bizarre – yet not malign – force which seductively whispers in their delicate ears that “... the **DWM** comic strip is really, really important. No, it is. Honest ...” I’ve seen the mildly pernicious impact of this entity on three editors in succession – they assume responsibility for evangelising the strip until one caves in, pleading “All right, I’ll read the bloody thing if you’ll stop, okay?”

Because these days the **DWM** comic strip is a bizarre if pleasing anachronism, a legacy of the magazine’s more innocent past and of the days when *The Iron Legion* and *The Tides of Time* were at least as important and meaningful to many *Doctor Who* fans as, say, the concurrent *Nightmare of Eden* or *Four to Doomsday*. Twenty years on and, given that this is a TV spin-off and not the latest Alan Moore or Grant Morrison we’re discussing, it would be surprising if the strip had as much impact on fandom – collectively or individually – as it once did. Surprising, indeed, it was when 2002’s *Children of the*

“Say the magic word...”

the voices always remain visually and aurally compulsive, the Daleks aren’t always best served by writing which relies on their intrinsic menace to standard, unexciting, join-the-dots *Doctor Who*. The best Dalek writing – and I would unhesitatingly include *Children of the Revolution* in that category – will, to some extent, examine what it is to be a Dalek, and how it differs from being a human. Thus Jubilee and Dalek Empire, and, of course, *The Power and The Evil of the Daleks*. *Children of the Revolution* provides a notable exception to the rule that *Doctor Who* sequels in media other than TV will be in thrall to the source material. *Children of the Revolution* builds on *The Evil of the Daleks* without sapping its essence; it is an extrapolation not only logical, but beautiful. More than that I can’t say without spoiling details for that section of the readership which hasn’t bothered to read it yet – you should put down this issue now and dig out **DWMs** #312–#317 before proceeding any further. Do it. Don’t make me come over there ...

DAVID DARLINGTON



VOYAGER

(THE VOYAGER/POLLY THE GLOT/
ONCE UPON A TIME LORD)

WORM
WORM

3rd Place, 751 points.

Writer **STEVE PARKHOUSE**, Art **JOHN RIDGWAY**. Featuring **THE SIXTH DOCTOR**, **FROBISHER**. Published **1985** in **DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE** #90 – #99

Something strange happened in 1985. On television, Colin Baker had become the new Doctor Who, “whether you like it or not.” His stories were brash, brutal and black-humoured. They were over-deferent to the show’s history, and the shortfall between the show’s ambition and its realisation – never a short shortfall at the best of times – became conspicuous.

Meanwhile in *Doctor Who Magazine*, a story unfolded where *Doctor Who* was uncompromised by BBC budgets and unbowed by precedent. Never before had the series been taken so far into the high seas of the bizarre, the abstract and the mythic. *Voyager* not only took *Doctor Who* to the edge of its universe, it pushed it over. It was freewheeling and enigmatic; it was eye-popping and jaw-dropping; it was light years away from the corridors of Karfel. Month by month, *Doctor Who* blossomed into something wonderful and strange.

Obviously the intention was to top *The Tides of Time*. Where that story had flirted with the surreal, *Voyager* embraced it. The rolling, stream-of-consciousness narrative exists in a dreamlike state with no dividing line between the real and the imaginary. The eponymous *Voyager* and the story’s villain, *Astrolabus*, come to the Doctor in vertiginous visions, sending him plummeting through empty space, or teetering from a lighthouse-top.

Voyager does not even conform to our ideas about what constitutes a story. It begins as a mystery about an ice-bound ship and a missing star-chart which then climaxes with a bewildering encounter between the Doctor and *Astrolabus*. Then, half-way through the next tale – the whimsical and familiar *Polly the Glot* – we are sent plunging back through the floor into the unresolved plot of *Voyager*. And finally there is *Once Upon a Time Lord*, where the weirdness so overwhelms the story that it – unforgettably – switches into the idiom of a *Rupert the Bear* annual, complete with headlines (‘FROBISHER EATS A WORM’) and doggerel couplets. And then *Astrolabus*, who seems unusually aware of his own fictional status, escapes onto the next page, determined to make it to the next episode ...

But the story is also grounded in reality. Firstly, by the humour – slapstick, occasionally sinister and occasionally sublime. We encounter the Akkers, the dulllest race in the universe, with ‘grey alerts’ and a soporific line in conversation. Secondly, there is



“Logic tells you the world is round. But logic is a new toy.”

Frobisher, adopting his penguin suit for the first time and undercutting the oddness with wisecracks and sympathy.

Most of all, there is John Ridgway’s artwork. Every scene, no matter how fantastic or humdrum, is given the same gritty, gravelly, meticulously detailed, cross-hatched look. He makes stunningly plausible the *Da Vinci Original*, the automaton, the *Zyglots* and the edge of the world.

Of course, it doesn’t make any sense. That’s kind of the point – it doesn’t need to. It is a triumph of atmosphere, of effect, and makes no concessions to plausibility. And discovering that *Doctor Who* could do that was a revelation. I didn’t know it could go there, and I wish it would go there again.

JONATHAN MORRIS

THE IRON LEGION

WHOP WHOP

4th Place, 699 points.

Writers **MILLS & WAGNER**, Art **DAVE GIBBONS**. Featuring **THE FOURTH DOCTOR**.
Published 1979 in **DOCTOR WHO WEEKLY** #1 – #8



When the editor invited writers to contribute to the 40th anniversary tome that you hold in your hand, my first impulse was to decline – after all, it's been 14 years since the BBC television series was on the air and surely there is nothing else new to say ...

Then a news item in an issue of **DWM** caught my eye ... An announcement that Panini was to reprint Dave Gibbons' comic strip run as a collection of graphic novels, and suddenly all my enthusiasm for this peculiar television series was back.

It's hard to say why *The Iron Legion* has such a special place in my affections ... It's not as if it was the first comic strip based on *Doctor Who* (after all, *TV Comic* had been running a strip since Hartnell's era) it's not even as if it's the best (where, oh where, are the superb *Countdown* strips in this so called 'Top Ten', hmm? Gerry Haylock, Frank Langford anyone?). It's just that it felt as though someone had finally got around to designing a comic strip for my generation, and it pretty well

knocked my socks off.

I had never been a great fan of American comic books, my tender years having been filled with war comics such as *Victor (For Boys!)* and *Commando (War Stories in Pictures!)* or more generic titles like *Hotspur* and *Lion*. The only *Doctor Who* comic strips that I read were in the annual offering from World Distributors (which got more and more surreal with each passing year) and the occasional *TV Comic Summer Special* that usually featured an old Jon Pertwee strip that someone had drawn curly hair and a scarf onto in order to convince me that I was reading a specially created Tom Baker story!

But when *The Iron Legion* was published in 1979 it was *Doctor Who* – proper *Doctor Who* like you got on the telly. Better than *Doctor Who* on the telly, in fact, given that we were about to endure week upon week of amateur dramatics with *Creature from the Pit*, *Nightmare of Eden* and the dismal *Horns of Nimón*.

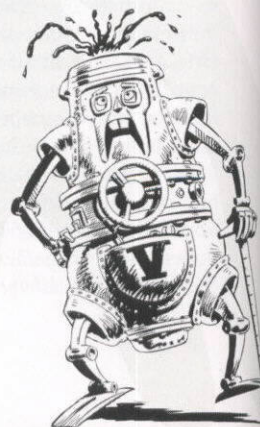
From its misleading 'English country village' opening, through its ever more grandiose panoramas of

“Yes, I know
I'm impossible!”

alternative Rome, *The Iron Legion* was *Doctor Who* on a scale that had never been seen before, putting subtly suggested horror alongside Pythonesque comedy and dragging the series firmly into the 1980s – arguably pre-empting everything that John Nathan-Turner was about to do in *The Leisure Hive*.

Mills, Wagner and Gibbons perfectly captured the anarchic appeal of the television series and grafted it into the boundless universe that Marvel Comics had been exploring for decades. There were no gimmicks like old monsters or returning villains, and the strip barely made any reference to the continuity of the television series. The result was fresh, exciting and unique, and *Doctor Who* comic strips have never been the same since ...

MIKE TUCKER





THE STAR BEAST

WOWP
WOWP

5th Place, 588 points.

Writers **MILLS & WAGNER**, Art **DAVE GIBBONS**. Featuring **THE FOURTH DOCTOR, SHARON**.
Published **1980** in **DOCTOR WHO WEEKLY** #19 – #26

The Star Beast – or Stan Lee Presents Doctor Who and the Star Beast, if you're inclined to be anal – is an eight-part comic strip published in **Doctor Who Weekly** early in 1980, which means it's been grotesquely overlooked: dismissed as trivial rubbish on one hand, diminished as jolly kitsch on the other.

Actually, it's one of the very few properly modern *Doctor Who* stories ever told – and the only example found in *Doctor Who* history between, I'd argue, 1967's *The Faceless Ones* and *Survival* in 1989. By 'properly modern' I don't mean 'set in a quasi-present', in the style of the UNIT serials, I mean 'precisely contemporaneous': just as *Survival* is surely being watched behind the net curtains of its own suburban

about how appearances can be deceptive. Bear with me, but he reads, intentionally or otherwise, like a metaphor for lost innocence: the Black Sun that turns the peace-loving Meeps into vicious aggressors is a kind of cultural adolescence, transforming them overnight into a race of Kevin-the-Teenagers. Boil down *The Star Beast*, and maybe you get a *Grange Hill* plot (or *Whistle Down the Wind*, in fact) about two kids finding a borstal escapee in their garden shed, and the dormant emotions that his discovery stirs. "What's wrong with being happy?" asks Sharon. "Happiness is a stagnant pond!" snarls Kevin the Meep. It's telling that the story ends with Sharon shouting out, "I hate you! You're horrible!" (Telling, too, that Sharon's 'instant puberty' features in *The Time Witch*, two strips down the line.)

"He's our alien! Our secret!"

setting, schoolboy spod Fudge Higgins plainly has a clutch of well-thumbed 'Macho Comics' spilled over his bedroom floor. (I'd never seen myself in a strip before.)

From Angela Rippon reporting the news of an explosion at the Steel Mills (next item is "The Prime Minister tonight warned the unions ..."), to the Doctor's desire for a package tour to Benidorm, to the man on the Blackcastle omnibus seeing a long-scarved loon, a furry alien and (worst of all, surely) a coloured girl

thinking, "Oh no! Please don't let them sit next to me!", the setting is late 1970s England to a tee. Moreover, and quite unlike anything seen on the telly, Blackcastle is an industrial town north of the Watford Gap. Astonishing that this should be something radical for *Doctor Who*; almost as radical a step as the character of Sharon – the aforementioned girl – becoming the Doctor's companion.

Re-reading *The Star Beast* (as everyone should, on a regular basis), I'm also struck by what Beep the Meep actually signifies: he – it – isn't just a Galaxy 4-style moral-on-legs

In its characters, in its setting and in Pat Mills' dialogue, too, *The Star Beast* shows us how urgently *Doctor Who* needed to ground itself, not in

cultural tokenism but naturalism: if the TV show's producership had passed to Phil Redmond, whose *Grange Hill* was at this point essential viewing, *The Star Beast* – ET with balls, much like Alan Moore's *Skizz*, and ahead of both – is what we might have got. A grown-up children's programme; and far more up-to-date than the shiny, shallow make-over the show would all-too-soon receive.

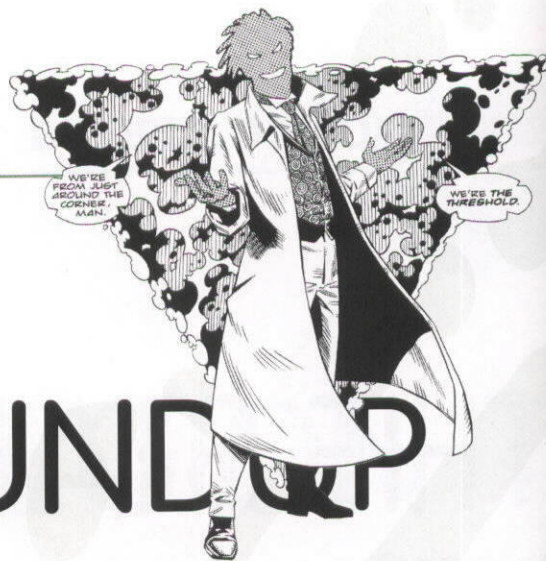
ALAN BARNES



WORMWOOD
WORMWOOD

#6-10

STRIPS ROUNDUP



- 6 THE GLORIOUS DEAD [w Scott Gray a Martin Geraghty y 2000 519 points]
- 7 WORMWOOD [a Scott Gray y 1998 a Martin Geraghty 431 points]
- 8 GROUND ZERO [a Scott Gray y 1997 a Martin Geraghty 428 points]
- 9 EVENING'S EMPIRE [a Andrew Cartmel y 1991/3 a Richard Piers Rayner 375 points]
- 10 STARS FELL ON STOCKBRIDGE [a Steve Parkhouse y 1982 a Dave Gibbons 300 points]

The bottom half of this Top Ten shows a clear bias towards the more momentous moments of the comic strip's history – and a healthy showing for more recent adventures, a clear thumbs-up for the reinvigoration of the strip in the late 1990s by editors Gary Gillatt and Alan Barnes. This little selection of classics does indeed seem to suggest that big is better.

Ground Zero, the Seventh

Doctor's final comic strip outing, marks the beginning of a bold new era for the strip by kicking the 'Threshold' arc into top gear. After a few years miring itself in *New Adventures* continuity and playing second fiddle to an explosion of non-TV *Doctor Who* fiction, the strip had lost its way.

But *Ground Zero* boldly put things back on track, not least by dramatically, and fittingly, killing off Ace. Scott Gray's writing is top notch, Martin Geraghty's artwork second to none, and the Threshold a brilliant, and credibly threatening, new adversary.

It seems that the Threshold are a firm favourite, as their swan-song, *Wormwood*, also makes an appearance in the list. This strip features the revelation of the Threshold's origins (the row of panels detailing their evolution from a single black sphere into their dot-

shaded final form is so beautiful a marriage of story and art, it takes your breath away) and, of course, their final defeat. But what people remember most acutely about *Wormwood* is the 'regeneration' – here, all of a sudden and with no explanation, is a brand new Doctor. For three months, this charade is paraded as fact before the real Doctor (still number eight, thank God!) reveals himself. A wonderful

bluff, and a wonderful way of re-introducing *Doctor Who Monthly* favourite Shayde – just in time for his shocking destruction. A sad moment for long-time readers of the strip, but one that would lead to a wonderful new role for companion Fey Truscott-Sade.

With the Threshold out of the way, you might think the Doctor would be in for an easy ride. But not if Scott Gray's got anything to do with it ... As in *Wormwood*, the Doctor's got a sizeable chunk of *The Glorious Dead*'s mystery solved within the first few

pages – he knows that the Master is at large, but he can have no idea of his old enemy's plans: control over the entire omniverse. If the story drags towards its conclusion, as the

truth is revealed in a two-episode infodump, we can forgive it: *The Glorious Dead* has much to say, and many loose ends to tie up – its scope and vision are truly epic.

Evening's Empire, the *DWM* strip that nearly wasn't, was plagued with missed deadlines during its development and only the first part ever surfaced in the magazine proper. Andrew Cartmel's story saw the light of day as a *Classic Comics* special, and brought us the strange tale of a teenage fantasy fan creating his own imaginary 'empire' with the help of a tiny crashed UFO. It's plainly the most surreal entry here, but it's told with poetic panache by Cartmel, and accompanied by Richard Piers Rayner's almost photo-realistic artwork.

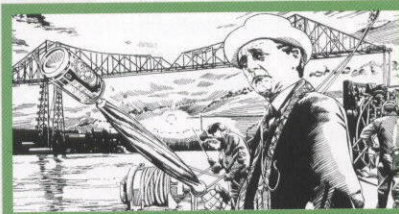
Finally, it's gratifying to see that there's still a space in your hearts for the quieter moments: *Stars Fell on Stockbridge*'s warm-hearted and very human tale still managed to snag a handsome proportion of your votes.

Maxwell Edison is a wonderful creation – a credible nutter, so obsessed with the idea of alien life that he thinks an empty shoebox and a funny-shaped twig are enough to find it – and his journey with the Doctor to an abandoned, and possibly haunted, alien spaceship cannot fail to charm the reader.

So if there's anyone out there who still scorns the comic strip in favour of 'deeper', 'more complex' forms of *Doctor Who*, give the above strips a try. You'd be hard pushed to find more impressive story-telling.

Plus the pictures are very pretty ...

DAVID BAILEY





ROBERT HOLMES

1st Place, 1165 points. Stories include: *The Krotons*, *Spearhead from Space*, *Carnival of Monsters*, *The Ark in Space*, *The Talons of Weng-Chiang*, *The Ribos Operation*, *The Caves of Androzani*

If Robert Holmes was alive today, I can't imagine what he'd be writing. Holmes and Doctor Who went together hand in glove, as you all know. That's very lucky for us fans, but rather sad for the rest of the world. Because I think (and so do all of you who voted him the best writer the series ever had) that Robert Holmes was one of the most talented writers of his generation. Better than Dennis Potter. He knocks Alan Bleasdale into a cocked hat. He towers over the Rosenthals and Platers of the TV world. We know this, and the rest of the world doesn't, because, like most of us, Robert Holmes was a man born out of his time.

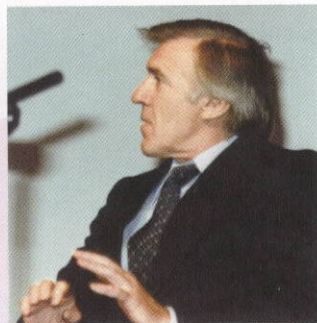
With his outrageous wordplay (name one other TV writer who got 'Fescennine' into a script), his fascination for crime and criminals, his sheer pace and worldly brio, his skill at creating very very camp but very very heterosexual men, Robert Holmes should have been sucking on his pipe next to Ben Jonson and William Shakespeare, not Bob Baker and Dave Martin. Jonson's *Gorboduc* and *The Alchemist* are particularly Holmesian – the latter is virtually a dry run for *Carnival of Monsters*, with its madcap carney, tarty dolly-bird and silly starchy puritans. There's more than a touch of Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy* in *The Caves of Androzani*; Morgus and Sharaz Jek are the apotheosis of Holmes' vengeful villains, from the Master ("Spineless poltroons!") to Morbius ("Pallid worms!"), forever ending their scenes with beautifully crafted and eye-poppingly lurid vows of violence. Grisly death is never far away in a Holmes script; the remains of the Duty Watcher in *The Two Doctors* are "chemically filleted" and curl up to resemble "a long dead child"; Leela's screams in the steamer will be broadcast in "glorious sexophonic sound." Holmes delights in neologising – what a wealth of tongue-rolling innovation there is in words like *Salostopus*, *Franzine Grig*, *Pontonese*, *Shrivenzale*, *Graff Vynda-K* ...

With Philip Hinchcliffe at his side ('Hinchcliffe and Holmes' – they even sound like a pair of Victorian grave robbers), Holmes found the perfect playmate, somebody not conditioned by the normally anodyne content of television. But even Hinchcliffe balked at Greel's description of his victims as "maidens on the very brink of puberty," and Terrance Dicks is horrified enough by the death of Gatherer Hade to rein in the jubilation of the revolutionaries in his novelisation of *The Sun Makers*.

Unlike lesser writers, and certainly the writing luminaries mentioned above, another mark of Holmes' genius is that, like Shakespeare, it's impossible to pin down his politics. He finds all sides silly – Scobie has a dig at the 'union johnnys', but so does Rogin. Unlike the

noble savages of the Pertwee era, the Swampies are just as stupid and bigoted as their oppressors in the Refinery. Vorg actually is the wasteful scrounger that the Inter Minorans fear will arise if they give power to the Functionaries.

The hallmark of Holmes' thinking seems to be the deeply felt rationalism of a sceptic. There is no magic or wonder or God in his stories. The Sacred Flame is just a few gases; the Riban Seeker is merely astute, not a seer; even the Time Lords have hip problems and deafness. Holmes' compassion is glimpsed very rarely, and reserved for



"In Philip Hinchcliffe, Holmes found the perfect playmate."

scientists and rationalists like Binro or Eelek, or innocent girls like Shirna or Peri. When the Doctor marvels at our achievements, it's as a humanist: religion is for primitives worshipping a giant squid or a power converter.

As the ultimate rationalist, Holmes has a love affair with the Doctor himself. The Holmes Doctor is deliciously ungrand, chatty and colloquial, "a mere nobody" who failed his exams and is only seen as clever because he keeps company with humans, and is always trying unsuccessfully to idle about on holiday. But there is real method in his madness; as a graduate of the Troughton era, Holmes' Doctor bewilders his opponents by constantly reacting inappropriately. He's particularly splendid when thrown up against Romana in *The Ribos Operation*, who takes the role of the whining fan complaining he's not taking anything seriously. What she doesn't realise, but the more astute viewers do, is that the Doctor knows very well what he's doing; he revels in the absurdity of his life.

Robert Holmes wrote *Doctor Who* because it was about the only vehicle in his field not crippled by the stifling realism and naturalism of the modern aesthetic. His works transcend the series, as a body of work that stands up very much on its own. He is instantly recognisable, uncopiable and unfollowable, no matter how hard we've tried.

In a delicious paradox, Robert Holmes once declared that *Doctor Who* was not art. Sorry, Bob – with you providing the words, it could be nothing else.

GARETH ROBERTS

TERRANCE DICKS

2nd Place, 988 points. Stories include: **The War Games, The Brain of Morbius, Horror of Fang Rock, State of Decay, The Five Doctors**, and more Target novelisations than is seemly!



city stalked the ruins of a man', watching the real thing seems fusty and pale in comparison.

But I'd argue that a far smaller percentage of Dicks' written words harbour still more significance – his non-fiction. The *Doctor Who Monster Book* excited and terrified fans as nothing else. Dicks' non-sensationalist, transparent prose effortlessly drew the reader into its lurid mixture of old photographs and book jacket artwork; together, they created a uniquely scintillating, nightmare world. And *The Making of Doctor Who* – particularly the revised edition, in which Dicks had a freer hand – was the show's first bound bible. Its brisk teachings lodge stubbornly in the mind. Years on, 'Madeleine sees the error of her ways' is practically all I can tell you about *The Space Pirates*, Ta very much.

However, Dicks' greatest contribution to *Who* writing is his work as script editor, particularly during the Pertwee era. By looking to shows such as *Star Trek* and noting both the maturity of concept and more subtle staging of human relationships

Terrance Dicks probably doesn't deserve the accolade of best writer. It really doesn't do justice to his unique involvement with *Doctor Who*, which now spans an incredible 35 years. When he joined *Doctor Who* in early 1968, *The Web of Fear* was recording in studio – and his latest *Who* book is out for the anniversary. He's told more *Doctor Who* stories in more media, and far more often, than any other person on the planet. Books – fiction and non-fiction – TV scripts, stage plays, he's done the lot.

Despite introducing us to the Time Lords, Tom Baker's Doctor and glowing green tennis balls, Dicks' actual TV stories – though good, solid and dependable – are among the less important entries in his corpus of *Doctor Who* work. And no, you don't win a prize for predicting the words 'Target' and 'Books' swiftly following. Dicks wrote an incredible 64 novelisations – it's been said a billion times, but their hold on the imaginations of young fans in the pre-video age was phenomenal. When enticed into *The Dalek Invasion of Earth* by a first line so vivid as, 'Through the ruins of a

"He has affected us all."

that were possible against a science-fiction background, Dicks worked hard with his writers to contort the seven-year-old show into a more sophisticated series dealing with – as he wrote to Terry Nation in 1972 – the 'complexity of real human beings'. He urged writers to consider shows like *The Power Game* for heightened intrigue, and to add romantic sub-plots to their stories. Together with Barry Letts he continued to enforce this policy once the Doctor was back out among the stars, desiring well-fleshed-out characters in believable situations that offered allegories for modern dilemmas of the age. It was this drive for a more family-oriented show constructed around adult concerns that allowed the series to grow up rather than to simply grow old.

For all this, Terrance Dicks deserves the accolade of most influential writer. Most inspiring, perhaps. One way or another he's affected us all, over the years. Long may he continue to do so.

STEPHEN COLE

DAVID WHITAKER

3rd Place, 812 points. Stories include: *Inside the Spaceship*, *The Crusade*, *The Power of the Daleks*, *The Evil of the Daleks*, *The Wheel in Space*, *The Ambassadors of Death*

Of the driving forces behind *Doctor Who*'s creation, the contribution of story editor David Whitaker is unduly neglected. If producer Verity Lambert and her boss Sydney Newman were the mover and the shaker, then Whitaker was the poet.

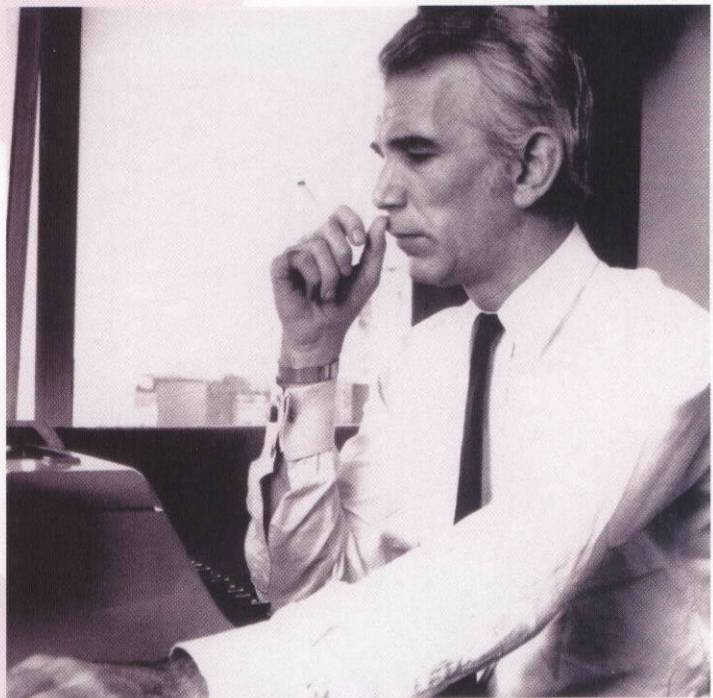
That Whitaker died before he could be exhaustively quizzed on every scintilla of his *Doctor Who* work leaves us only with the vaguest impression – a quiet, pipe-smoking man perpetually hunched over his manual typewriter. Nobody even seems to talk about him very much. We're just left with his work.

But what work! With consummate skill, Whitaker combined two impossible ideas – the unimaginable vastness of the universe, and the infinite complexity of human beings – and he did it with deft, poetic strokes. In *The Crusade*, he gives us a priceless summation of the Doctor in Princess Joanna's line "There's something new in you, yet something older than the sky itself."

Whitaker wasn't interested in talking down to children, or anyone else, and the mind-bending events of his story *Inside the Spaceship* are genuinely harrowing even to adults. He saw it as unnecessary, even foolish to try to define the technology of the TARDIS, so treated the Doctor as a kind of cosmic magician and threw in some familiar alchemy from the classroom – mercury seemed to hold a particular fascination for him.

Whitaker's other great contribution to the *Doctor Who* mythology, apart from his script work, are his two early novelisations – *Doctor Who in an Exciting Adventure with the Daleks* and *Doctor Who and the Crusaders*. In *The Daleks*, related by Ian Chesterton in the first person, Whitaker wrote a completely new opening for the story which condensed the business of *An Unearthly Child* into a chapter that reads like the beginning of a crime thriller. In writing for the Doctor, Whitaker delights in bringing out the malevolence of the character – 'his eyes glinting with malicious amusement', as well as giving him some unlikely lines in which he refers to the TARDIS as 'my little nest'.

For someone so involved in the creation of the Doctor, it was entirely appropriate that Whitaker should return to the series after an absence of 18 months for the character's re-creation. Whitaker wrote Patrick Troughton's introduction, *The Power of the Daleks*, harking back to the first story – the Doctor is once again mercurial, magical, and playfully dismissive of his human companions. Whitaker is also able to handle the



"Whitaker's contribution to the series is unduly neglected..."

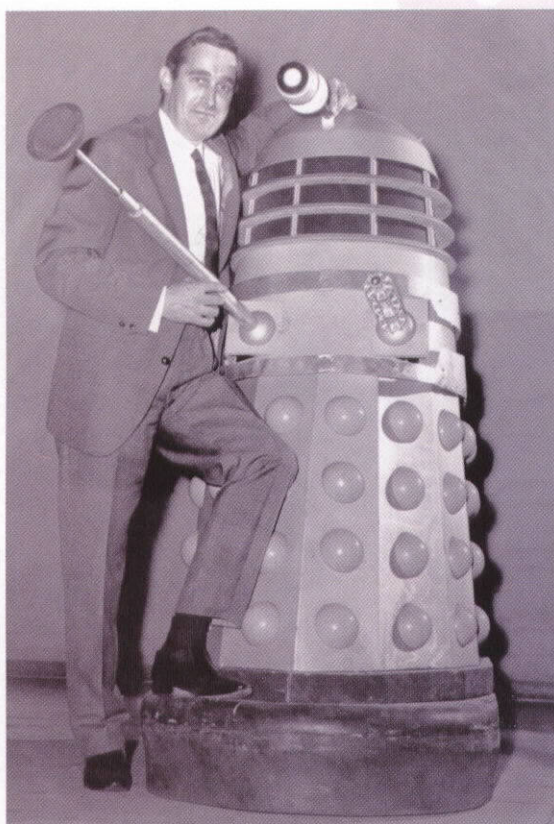
Daleks better than their creator Terry Nation – after the first story, Nation seemed all at sea, but Whitaker knew exactly what he was doing, and his two Dalek scripts, *Power* and *Evil*, show the creatures at the very height of their devilry. He had a bash at a Cyberman story too, in *The Wheel in Space*, but despite creating some excellent human characters embroiled in the drama, could find little magic or weirdness in the Cybermen themselves.

Whitaker's final *Doctor Who* script, *The Ambassadors of Death*, was passed from pillar to post through various rewrites, by which time the Doctor looked like Jon Pertwee. The series had changed again, and now, firmly set in the real-life Space Age, there was little room for Whitaker's magic. It's a shame that he was not able to contribute to the series under the aegis of those dark funsters Philip Hinchcliffe and Robert Holmes – I think they would have all got along famously ...

DAVID MILLER

TERRY NATION

4th Place, 803 points. Stories include: *The Daleks*, *The Keys of Marinus*, *The Dalek Invasion of Earth*, *The Daleks' Master Plan*, *Planet of the Daleks*, *Genesis of the Daleks*, *The Android Invasion*



Doctor Who was effectively launched by Terry Nation's Daleks. And when Nation relaunched the Daleks, he helped relaunch Doctor Who.

The radioactive menace of the original Dalek serial was a logical extension of themes Sydney Newman had sympathetically explored in *Armchair Theatre*. The eponymous Bug Eyed

“One of the few great storytellers of our time.”

Monsters, however, flew in the face of his expectations. Nation prevailed, and Doctor Who adapted to his way of thinking – not vice versa.

Nation's subsequent serials played a key part in sustaining the programme's success. His work was a

mainstay of the William Hartnell era, and a benchmark for the most popular types of story during the show's first golden age of popularity.

Lured back to the lucrative world of commercial television, and briefly dazzled by the prospect of even greater success in the United States, Terry Nation didn't return to Doctor Who until the early 1970s. Whether by coincidence or osmosis, his work was soon at the forefront of the show's next golden age. *Genesis of the Daleks* may have presented a contradictory account of year zero on planet Skaro, but Nation's reinvention of his own myth clicked with the show's most successful reinvention of all in the shape of Tom Baker. The new Doctor Who and the new Daleks were seemingly made for each other.

Genesis of the Daleks defined a sturdy template for the future depiction of the creatures that endured until their final screen appearance in 1988. When Doctor Who came to an end the following year, Nation was ready to breathe new life into the programme, but his bid to produce an independent series with Gerry Davis came to nothing. We'll never know if the alchemy would have worked a third time.

Nation generally sidestepped questions about his inspiration for the Daleks, perhaps understanding that the origin of the creatures themselves was beside the point. The nihilism at the heart of stories such as *The Mutants* and *Genesis of the Daleks* stood in such cynical opposition to the public's perception of Doctor Who as cosy tea-time entertainment that, in retrospect, it's easy to see how they distinguished themselves. The Daleks were the instruments of Nation's cynicism, and he knew his point would have been lost if the merest hint of irony or self-mockery was allowed to creep in.

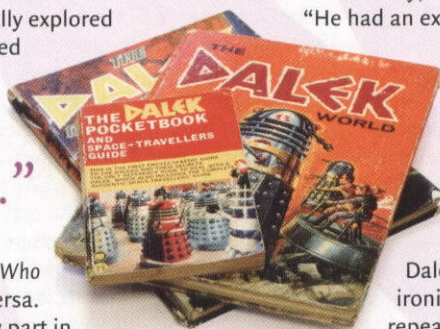
“Terry Nation was one of the great storytellers of the twentieth century,” said Stephen Fry recently.

“He had an extraordinary ability ... to tell stories and not draw attention to his own [writing] process, with no vanity, writing purely to entertain in the best way.”

Nation's legacy deserves to endure.

Should Doctor Who and the Daleks ever transcend these ironic times then history may yet repeat itself.

MARCUS HEARN



MALCOLM HULKE

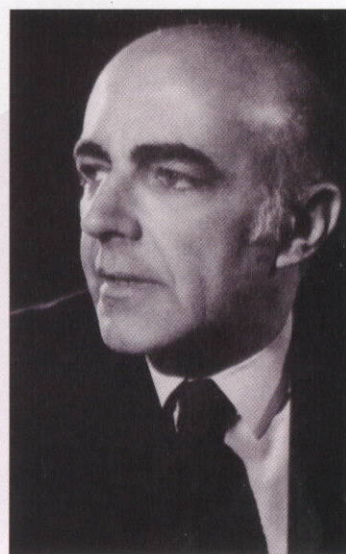
5th Place, 782 points. Stories include: *The War Games*, *Doctor Who and the Silurians*, *Colony in Space*, *The Sea Devils*, *Frontier in Space*, *The Green Death*, *Invasion of the Dinosaurs*

Malcolm Hulke was the writer who first brought the grey areas of authentic BBC drama to *Doctor Who*. Certainly, Terry Nation's work had a sophistication to it, but Hulke was the first to try to make the child audience see that characters didn't have to be heroes or villains, but could be a little of both. I remember reading his novelisation of *The Green Death* at an appropriate age and feeling a little swell of pride in enjoying what I then felt was material just a bit 'too old' for me. It was the characterisation of the security guards that did it, the way Hulke took us inside their heads and let us see the world from their chillingly sadistic point of view.

In his TV *Doctor Who* scripts, Hulke seems fascinated by treachery, and each time the ethics involved get more complicated. Dr Quinn flirts with treachery to his species, for the sake of the greater good. Winton seems to be a traitor, but is actually working for IMC. Trenchard is fooled into being a traitor to his government. *Frontier in Space* is about treachery and loyalty, whether one should be passively patriotic for one's species, or question the motives of those leading it. And finally, someone who the audience relied upon to be a hero is revealed to be a traitor. One could never be certain who the heroes were in a Hulke script, apart from the Doctor, and Hulke's scripts are marked by him questioning his own motives too: whether it be about his interactions with Earth Reptiles, or concerning the gorgeous moment where he actually considers whether or not to rule the universe benevolently with the Doomsday Weapon.

Hulke's interest in realism, both emotional and political, extends to the fates of his characters. Captain Dent of IMC is left inside his spaceship unharmed

at the end of *Colony in Space*, the most the colonists can hope for being the arrival of another Adjudicator. The political prisoners on the moon in *Frontier in Space* remain there. Neither authoritarian regime falls in those stories. And yet, Hulke also knows that the heart of realism is positive human emotion, hope and sympathy. In his scripts, we really feel the bite as the Doctor is falsely accused, arrested, and insulted, because the people doing the harm are people whose pettiness we recognise from our own lives. That harshness throws the Doctor's gentleness



“Hulke first brought the grey areas of authentic drama to *Doctor Who*.”

and compassion into greater relief. It's in Hulke scripts that we get some of the most touching interactions between the Doctor and his companions: his chats with Jo during *Frontier*; he and Sarah playing about under arrest at the start of *Invasion of the Dinosaurs*.

We remember Malcolm Hulke for his skill, his knowledge of human weakness, his political insight and stance, and for the epic quality of scripts that pushed the moral centre of the Doctor further than ever before, or since. But most of all we remember him for his liberal conscience, his humanity. I'm very glad that his books, and those of his great friend Terrance Dicks, were those that so influenced me when I was a child.

PAUL CORNELL



#6-10

WRITERS ROUNDUP

6 ROBERT SHEARMAN [654 points]

7 GARETH ROBERTS [627 points]

8 LAWRENCE MILES [618 points]

9 PAUL CORNELL [584 points]

10 JUSTIN RICHARDS [530 points]

The Doctor Who novels of **Lawrence Miles** are ambitious and controversial. They stand out for challenging continuity and breaking moulds – killing off the Third Doctor in *Interference*, for example, and removing one of the Eighth Doctor's hearts to make him

'human' in *The Adventuress of Henrietta Street*. Of course, Miles will always be associated with Faction Paradox, the time-travelling black magic cult he first introduced in *Alien Bodies*. From just a handful of appearances in the Doctor Who line, the Faction have grown into a detailed society with a fascinating history, and are now so well-established that they have a web-site and audio series all of their own – the latter producing, arguably, some of Miles' most satisfying work.

Long before Miles, it was **Paul Cornell** who was breaking moulds, hitting readers with multi-layered plots and emotional roller-coasters like *Timewyrm: Revelation* and *Love and War*. Cornell's novels broke away from traditional action-adventure to take character analysis to a new level. *Human Nature*, still widely considered his best book, is a beautifully-written, deeply psychological exploration of character and relationships. Cornell's enduring legacy, however, is ex-companion and screwball archaeologist, Professor Bernice Summerfield, a creation who now enjoys her own novel and audio range, and shows no signs of slowing down. Cornell has proved adaptable too. His later works, most notably the audio play *Seasons of Fear* (co-written with Caroline Symcox), have shown him successfully embrace the more traditional story-telling that he once strove to avoid.

It's funny that, just as Big Finish producer Gary Russell said he wasn't too worried about turning down the next Robert Holmes, and that in the main he would be sticking with writers he knew, he should find **Robert Shearman**. In just three and a half audios (*The Maltese Penguin* being the 'half'), Shearman has

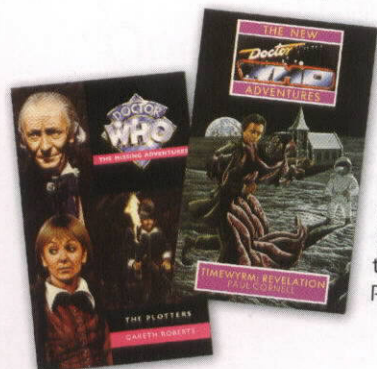
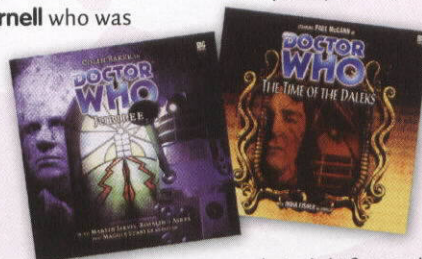
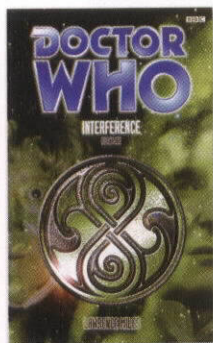
become the writer whose work is greeted with the most excitement. *The Chimes of Midnight* and *The Holy Terror* top the Audio Dramas section of this poll, and no doubt when, in the future, it's all done again, Shearman's Dalek script, *Jubilee*, will be joining them. Shearman first arrived incognito, writing BBV's brilliant *Punchline* under the name Jeremy Leadbetter. It deals with a Doctorish character trapped within the confines of sitcom cliché. A lot of its comedy comes from the maddening nature of experiencing the same things over and over again, an idea that bleeds into *The Chimes of Midnight*, and again in *And Then Again*, an as-yet rare piece of prose in the Benny collection *A Life of Surprises*. Like Holmes, Shearman displays a love for blackly comic characters, a keen eye for satire and a strong sense of the macabre.

Justin Richards has tried his hand at many styles, but his greatest strength would seem to be horror and Victorian melodrama. Novels like *Grave Matter* and *The Banquo Legacy* (co-written with Andy Lane) have the thick atmosphere of the great horror films of the 1930s, are well-paced and populated with memorable characters. Of his forays into audio, perhaps his first, *Whispers of Terror*, hitting on the idea of a sound creature, is still his most successful. Richards' very best work, though, remains in the novel. As BBC Books Range Consultant, reforming the Eighth Doctor range in 2000 was a brave and laudable move. It enabled Richards to lead by example with the wonderful *The Burning*, its solid

and straightforward storytelling doing much to free a series that was feeling obfuscated and unexciting.

Gareth Roberts is, so to speak, the joker of the pack and to many, the best scriptwriter Season Seventeen never had. His delightful, witty and gentle Fourth Doctor and Second Romana novels are basically love-letters to the period, and so evocative in every way, you half forget you've never seen them on telly. Roberts, though, isn't a one-trick pony. His flirtation with the First Doctor, Ian, Barbara and Vicki in *The Plotters* proved to be just as evocative and successful. However, it was perhaps always obvious that what most interested Roberts was characterisation, so it was unsurprising that, with the advent of Big Finish, he switched his attention to audio and dialogue. Writing with Clayton Hickman, *The One Doctor and Bang-Bang-a-Boom!* reintroduced a mix of one-liners, parody and drama that, sadly, Doctor Who hadn't seen since the wild and bizarre days of Donald Cotton.

VANESSA BISHOP



#11-20

WRITERS ROUNDUP

11 ROBERT BANKS STEWART [495 points]

12 DOUGLAS ADAMS [470 points]

13 DAVID A MCINTEE [428 points]

14 JOHN LUCAROTTI [396 points]

15 MARC PLATT [386 points]

16 PAUL MAGRS [367 points]

17 SCOTT GRAY [350 points]

18 STEVE LYONS [348 points]

19 CHRIS BOUCHER [337 points]

20 KATE ORMAN [322 points]

Of these ten writers, only **Marc Platt** has written for *Doctor Who* on television, in novels, and in the audio form. Of course **Douglas Adams** is rather more experienced in all these media, but his *Doctor Who* work extends only to

television – ironically the medium in which he was probably least adept. If *Hitchhiker's* stands as his most accomplished and satisfying work, then it is interesting to speculate what audio *Doctor Who* as written by Douglas Adams might have sounded like ...

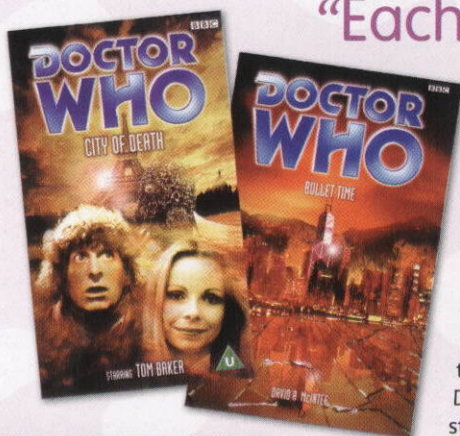
One of Adams' greatest strengths was the way that he made it seem so easy. However outrageous, convoluted, or complex the idea he is putting across, it seems simple and straightforward. Marc Platt,

too, deals with the complex. But unlike Adams, it is often this very complexity that forms the narrative. *Ghost Light* is layered with ideas and folds back on itself much in the manner of the *Process from Time's Crucible*, which must be one of the most complex *Doctor Who* novels. This complexity is slaved to the narrative in Platt's more recent audio work. *Spare Parts* is a perfect blend of the sophisticated plot brought across by complex characters and driven by a straightforward narrative.

Straightforward, driving narrative is something that accomplished television writer **Robert Banks**



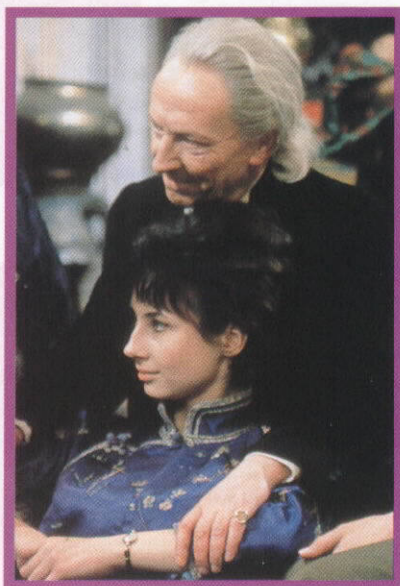
“Each medium requires a different application of storytelling talent.”



Stewart well understood. Quite how much of his two credited *Doctor Who* stories were his own work is

a matter of debate. But the narrative thrust – the good old-fashioned storytelling that serves *Terror of the Zygons* and *The Seeds of Doom* so well is certainly Stewart's. Perhaps more than a shade of the story of *The Talons of Weng-Chiang* can be laid at his door too ...

Chris Boucher has moved from successful television





writing into Who novels. He may be lauded for memorable quips and dialogue – in *Doctor Who*, and *Blake's 7* in particular – but his grasp of plot is also firm. In seeing Boucher's transition to the fuller, and more author-centric novel format, we can appreciate how different the narrative forms are.

John Lucarotti was also an expert at dialogue, and pretty much established the style of *Doctor Who*'s early historical stories. He also moved on to novelise his work – both for *Doctor Who* and other series (such as *Operation Patch*). With a knack of fitting real characters into those historical stories, it is interesting to wonder

“It speaks volumes that Doctor Who can attract writers of such calibre.”

how his version of *The Ark in Space* might have differed from the one that was made.

Both **Paul Magrs** and **David A McIntee** have written for *Doctor Who* in novel and audio format. McIntee has come very much from a fan background. His grasp of character is such that his character-driven novels – like *Sanctuary* – are more memorable than his forays into action-adventure. But it is his ability to blend the two that makes the best of his work stand out.

The work of Paul Magrs is altogether less easy to quantify. He was already an acclaimed novelist when he brought his considerable talent and expertise to the

Who genre. Magrs takes established genres and styles, then subverts them – using the trappings of the form to tell stories that should not readily fit into that format. Perhaps *Verdigris* is the most complete example of this, while the diversity of Magrs' work in general is apparent in the difference between his early novels and his latest: *Hands Up!* which tells the story of a homicidal glove puppet ...

Steve Lyons is another writer – of novels and audio – whose work constantly surprises. It takes a writer of confidence and ability to create a cartoon environment and populate it with creatures for whom the reader can feel and with whom they empathise. But *The Crooked World* demonstrates also his flair for pastiche and humour as well as his understanding of what makes good *Doctor Who*.

Also very much driven by character is **Kate Orman**. But where Lyons might place characters into bizarre environments, Orman maps them on to a landscape defined by emotion. It is difficult to imagine Orman's work achieving the same power or depth on television. Angst and suffering are particular to her work, as is the emotional response her powerful writing elicits from the reader. It makes for many memorable moments and characters.

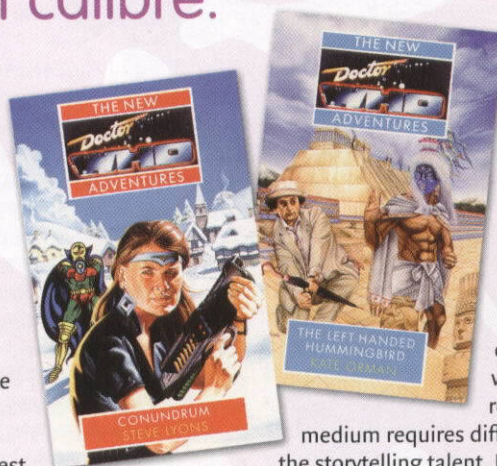
Denied the luxury – if that is the word – of space and time to explore in prose the characters and situations he creates, **Scott Gray** manages to compress his stories into the frames of the comic strip. The elegance and economy of the storytelling in *Children of the Revolution*, or *Oblivion* to cite two recent examples demonstrate Gray's uncanny ability to take an unlimited budget for narrative and visuals and constrain them into an accessible form, conveying information and character in just a few frames.

In many ways this is the medium requiring the most discipline simply because it affords the fewest words – the least authorial intervention.

There is, in fact, a scale of what is necessary from the author to tell the story from comic strip, through audio, to television and finally novel. The fewer words that are needed, the easier one might think it is to write the story – but often the reverse is true. Certainly, each

medium requires different levels and applications of the storytelling talent. It speaks to the diversity of *Doctor Who* as a format that it succeeds in each of these media, and that it attracts to each of them writers of such calibre and ability.

JUSTIN RICHARDS



THE **DWM** HALL OF FAME



JOHN NATHAN-TURNER

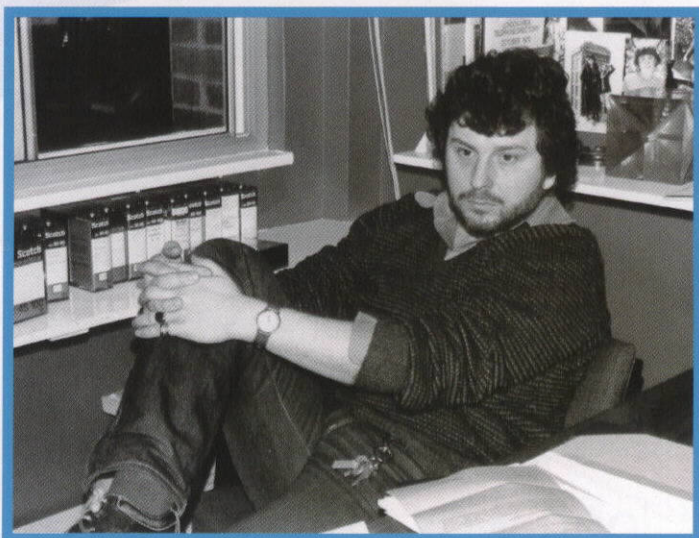
1st Place, 1169 points. Producer of Doctor Who 1981 – 1989

"I watched Doctor Who from the beginning. It was part of the family ritual of our Saturday evenings. Doctor Who became an enormously important part of my life ... and my family."

What do the words 'John Nathan-Turner' mean to you? Hawaiian shirts, Marlboro full strength, American convention cabarets, memory cheats, persuaded to stay? Inevitably, discussion of Doctor Who's longest-serving producer within fandom has always centred around his big personality. But on the occasion of John's induction into the Hall of Fame as voted by **DWM** readers, I'd like to shift the focus, and appreciate his actual work on the series – what we saw on screen, and what was going on behind the scenes ...

The first thing to note is that JNT's nine seasons of Doctor Who are incredibly varied. Previous producers tended to put a recognisable signature on their body of work. You can recognise the same qualities in Barry Letts' first story, *Doctor Who and the Silurians*, as in his last, *Robot*. What JNT did, aware that in the past the series had survived due to fairly regular shifts in creative personnel, and quite probably in the knowledge that his own background was not in writing, was to delegate to his script editors. He once said of Andrew Cartmel, "He and his writers are here to challenge [the series'] establishment, and I include myself in that." (My italics.) As a consequence of allowing his editors room to breathe, his productions range from the hard SF mysticism of Seasons Eighteen to Twenty, the two-fisted moral equivalence of Seasons Twenty-One to Twenty-Three, and the marvellously magical Alan Moore-influenced McCoy era, which turned all the series' certainties upside down.

He was always striving to keep the series fresh, encouraging new writers and new ideas to balance his own continuous presence, to shake things up a bit, to innovate in each season. When Christopher Bidmead, Eric Saward and Andrew Cartmel wanted to reconceptualise the series and its lead character, JNT gave them free rein. Compare Season Eighteen to Season Twenty-Two or Season Twenty-



"John was always striving to keep Doctor Who innovative."



Six – aside from the basics, this is Doctor Who coming from three very different places, although all overseen by the same man. In an industry increasingly bound by formula and repetition, he was never afraid to let writers or directors experiment, and was always pushing for tighter editing and more exotic locations to upgrade the look of the series. He sanctions the epic movie script of *Earthshock* "to prove that we could do a story like that." He isn't afraid to let Graeme Harper's visual imagination take full flight with stylistic tricks that would surely have scared the pants off his predecessors. He encourages Cartmel to rethink the series' underlying lore.

THE DWM HALL OF FAME



This adventurousness applies to other areas too. His casting decisions have been criticised very unfairly, as if he was bringing in light entertainers or comic actors to send up the series. But from his own words and actions (think of *The Unfolding Text*, and how he vetoes 'Monty Python' moments in *Castrovalva* and *Kinda*) we can see this

“John was never afraid to stretch the audience...”

was never his intention. What JNT wanted was to give typecast actors, from Alexei Sayle to Nerys Hughes to, most famously, Bonnie Langford, a chance to do something different. Sometimes this doesn't work, but more often than not it does, allowing us to see these performers in a very different light. Whatever she might think of it, Helen A is one of Sheila Hancock's greatest ever performances. Nicholas Parsons turns a character who might easily have seemed like a drip into a tragic figure. It might seem like madness to cast Beryl Reid in a part written for Sigourney Weaver, but somehow it comes off. He did the same with the Doctor – Peter Davison seemed an incredibly odd choice back in 1980, but it worked (as JNT would have said – “and how!”).

JNT was never afraid to stretch the audience – he put enormous faith in his viewers, expecting them to engage with the series, to try and work it out, rather than merely passively absorb it. The mind-boggling SF concepts in stories as diverse as *Snakedance*, *Warriors' Gate* and *Ghost Light* are, *The Prisoner* aside, beyond anything else ever seen on television. The accusation made by some fans that JNT was peddling mindless pap is an especially baffling one; this is a man who treats viewers not, as he might jokingly claim, just as “bums on seats.”

In many ways, JNT was an unlikely character in an impossible situation. It's clearer now, even more than it was at the time, that from the decision to abandon the original Season Twenty-Three onwards, *Doctor Who* was on to a losing streak at the BBC. There were no repeats of the series, and it was underpromoted (Season Twenty-Six didn't have a single trailer) and run against blockbusting ITV opposition. The shows that ran in its slot when off-air were repeats of *Wonder Woman* and *Doogie Howser MD*. Beeb executives were so disinterested that the Controller of BBC1 didn't even know JNT's correct name (thinking it to be “Jay Entee”), and he was given no meaningful criticism or advice from the upper echelons. The BBC wanted the series to die – not even out of active dislike, but sheer indifference. They couldn't be bothered to think about the series beyond a simple and pretty unintelligible request for ‘more humour’.

True to his instincts, and denied the oxygen of the BBC's confidence, JNT took to promoting the series in other ways. He understood the press, and furnished them with quirky and interesting pictures and story ‘leaks’ – such as the rumours about a female Doctor and an end to the police box – so that it often seemed as if he was the only person at the BBC willing and able to plug the show. He was also, by all accounts, unceasingly open and amiable to fans of the series, willing to grant interviews to the smallest fanzine. He had no reason to love *Doctor Who* – what he loved was his job, and letting people know about it. And fans were the undoubted beneficiaries of his ambassadorial work.

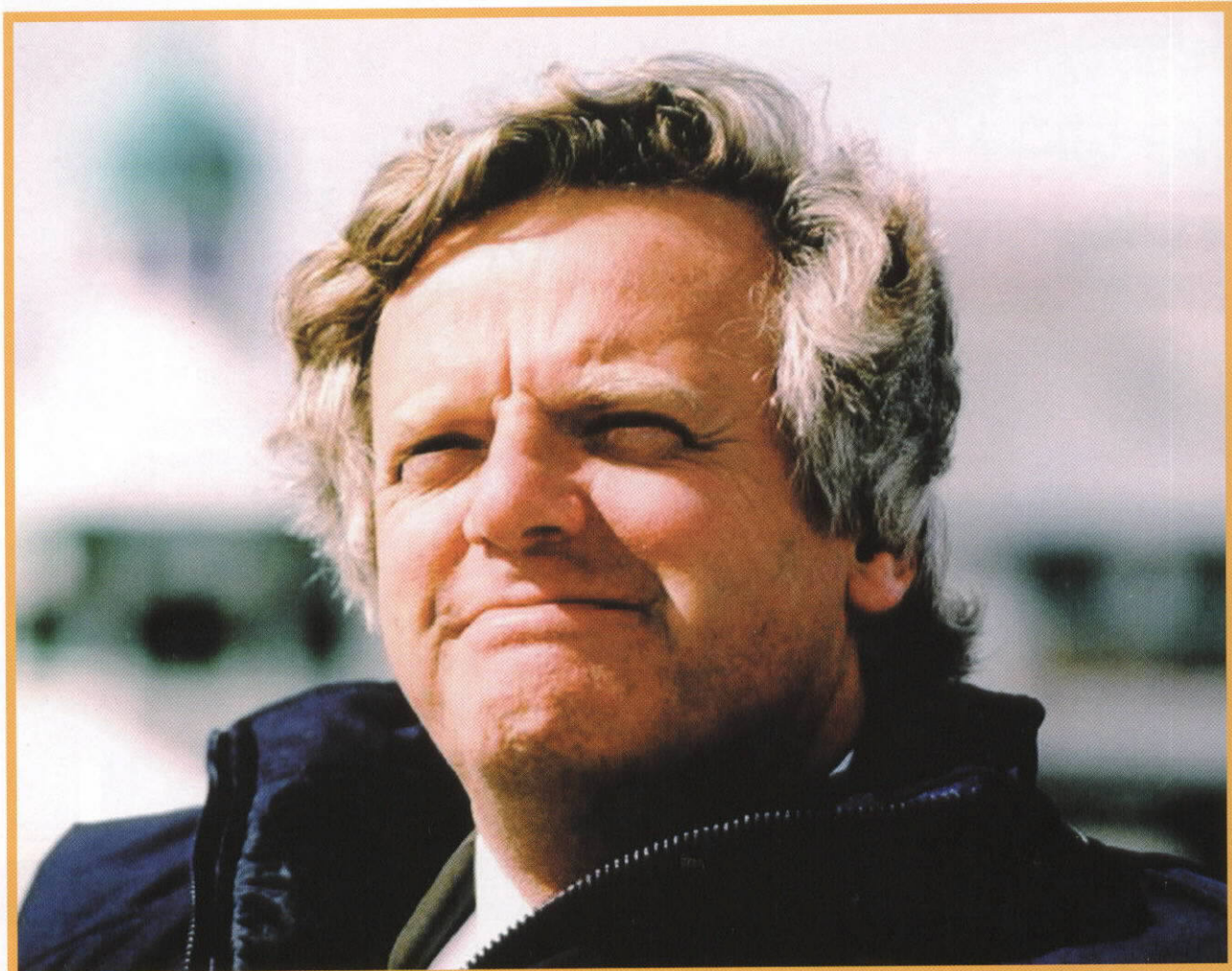
When he was kept on the series in 1987, much to his annoyance, JNT could have simply gone through the motions. Instead, he hired Andrew Cartmel and blew the roof off with another set of innovations. In a good time slot with better promotion and a sense of pride rather than embarrassment from his superiors, the later seasons of the show could have done extremely well. Forget Michael Grade. It's the schedulers who were the real enemy of *Doctor Who* in the 1980s; the Davison years did very well simply because they were up against the entirely dissimilar *Wish You Were Here ...?*. And imagine how Season Eighteen would have fared if ITV hadn't networked its opposition for the very first time.

Through all of this, JNT stuck to his guns and carried on making *Doctor Who* invigorating and fresh. Perhaps that was his signature style – and his great legacy to the series.

ROBIN TWEED



The Plastic Daffodil Award



The most distressingly rubbish thing in Doctor Who... ever!

MICHAEL GRADE



All great heroes have their nemeses – embodiments of evil who stand against everything in which they believe. Sherlock Holmes has his Moriarty, Superman his Lex Luthor, the Doctor his Master. If *Doctor Who* fans can be described as heroes of a sort – crusading to keep alive what others would neglect or destroy – then it is clear that Michael Grade, former Controller of BBC1, is our arch-enemy. He's the Wicked Witch of West London. The Grinch That Stole *Doctor Who*.

Of course, Michael Grade didn't actually cancel *Doctor Who* for good and for all. That decision was made in late 1989, when the BBC received its first sniff of Big Money from the USA, and by that time Grade had departed the Corporation. The trouble is, we can't actually find an individual to blame for that cancellation – seemingly a decision based on a common consensus within BBC management that *Doctor Who*'s glory days were over. If we could, perhaps

Michael Grade would be spared some of our ire, and either Jonathan Powell or Peter Cregeen would be the proud recipient of this Plastic Daffodil Award.

So why exactly does the boggle-eyed spectre of Michael Grade still stalk the nightmares of good *Doctor Who* fans everywhere?

It seems that on joining the BBC, Grade had no feelings about *Doctor Who* one way or another. He was merely trying to balance the books, and *Doctor Who* was just one of many programmes to be rather idly cut down simply because it wasn't, in Grade's view, performing strongly enough in the ratings. It wasn't that he hated the show, he simply had no interest in it. When Grade ordered the 18-month suspension of the series back in February 1985, he described it as "a piece of professional judgement ... we take a million of these decisions every week." But by September of that year, Grade's position seemed to have shifted somewhat. "The people who make *Doctor Who* have got very complacent," he informed DJ Jimmy Young. "The

Shocks and changes for millions of TV fans ... for the stars too

Dr Who down-Graded!

show has got rather violent and lost a lot of its imagination and wit ... I decided it was time to take stock, to look at the show ... to think about how we can revitalise Doctor Who."

Grade's view of the state of the series in 1985 would receive further clarification some 17 years later, when he appeared on the BBC2 comedy series, *Room 101*. "I thought Doctor Who was rubbish," he told host Paul Merton with some glee. "I thought it was pathetic. I'd seen *Star Wars* ... and then I had to watch these cardboard things clonking across the floor, trying to scare kids who would just laugh at it. It had no redeeming features at all. I think it was a waste of the licence payers' money."

Perhaps it could be argued that Grade's worst crime was in simply lacking the courage of his own convictions. Despite his pledges, Grade didn't 'take stock' of Doctor Who, and did precious little to revitalise it.

All the programme needed at that time was some investment, some promotion, some tender loving care. Over the page, you'll see the Top 20 nominees for the Plastic Daffodil Award, a list that includes the star, producer, and co-writers of Doctor Who in 1985. All those individuals were still in place a year later, after Grade's supposed 'rethink'. It's clear that many of even the most devoted fans were – and still are – deeply displeased with the shape Doctor Who was in during the mid-1980s, so how can we decry Grade for feeling the same? Of course, there was lots to enjoy in the final four years of Doctor Who, but imagine a world in which the BBC had forcibly driven the series to change its ways and find a new, larger audience – it might never have left our screens at all.

In the end, Grade made no substantial changes to

BBC CHIEF SWITCHES HIM OFF FOR 18 MONTHS

By PAUL DONOVAN

DOCTOR WHO was frozen into a time lock by his BBC Master, Michael Grade, yesterday. And he was furious.

Actor Colin Baker, who plays the Time Lord, said he was 'staggered and disappointed' by the Corporation's decision to take the programme off the screen for 18 months.

And he was supported by Dr Who's official historian, Peter Haining, who predicted 'a tremendous outcry' from fans to save the show with 110 million viewers in 54 countries.

Last night angry viewers were already bombarding the BBC with complaints. Their attack threatened to swell to the size of the campaign that forced Mr Grade to back down over his proposal to keep *Dallas* off the screens until the autumn.

The decision to cancel the series which was to have been screened next January was taken says Mr Grade, BBC 1 Controller, to save £2 million. That money, he said, is scheduled for other drama projects. But many people saw it as a BBC attempt to get the increase it wants in the licence fee.

Mr Baker, 40, said: 'I'm astounded that the BBC sees fit to axe its most popular product. If I were an ordinary member of the public I would express my rage.'

'The programme is part of the British way of life, like cricket.'

Mr Baker was contracted to make the next series two months ago, along with actress Nicola Bryant, who plays his assistant Peri.

The BBC is legally bound to pay them even without the series. The Time Lord is unlikely to receive less than £200,000.

Repeat

He said: 'Having been paid, I want to go out and earn it.'

It will be the longest break in the programme's 22 years. Jeremy Bentham, co-founder of the Dr Who Appreciation Society, said: 'The public won't let this happen.'

A BBC spokesman said: 'We intend to make a lot of new drama and we can't afford it and Doctor Who.'

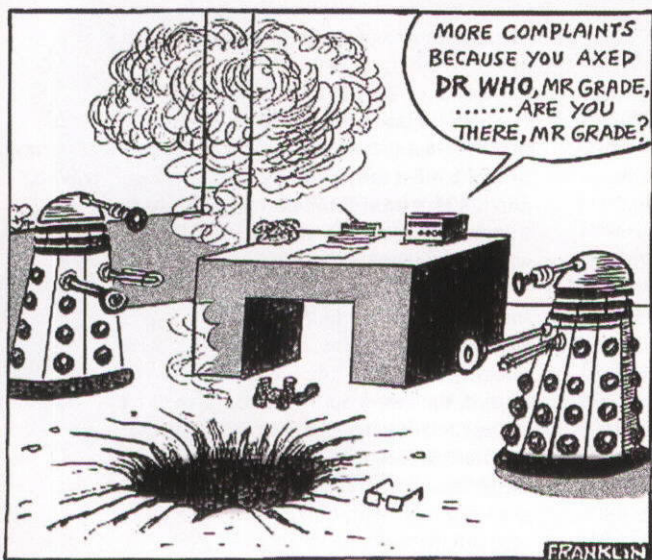
Bill Cotton, managing director, BBC Television, took one step towards appeasing fans: 'We may be able to repeat Dr Who programmes during the gap,' he said.



Colin Baker as Dr Who and Nicola Bryant as Peri

Doctor Who, and the series was left to wither on the vine – the public, perhaps understandably, failing to rally to a programme which its own makers had officially dismissed as unimaginative and unimportant.

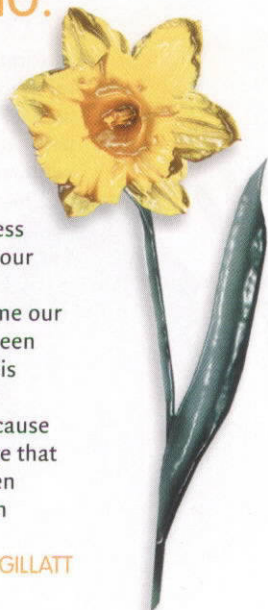
"He dealt what proved to be the mortal blow to Doctor Who."



Grade could see that Doctor Who was suffering, but rather than offer a helping hand to the ailing series, he dealt what would ultimately prove the mortal blow.

It is for this unimaginative, witless and grossly unprofessional behaviour that Grade is awarded the Plastic Daffodil Award. He chose to become our Satan when he could easily have been our saviour. He'll be amused by this prize, of course, and thoroughly unrepentant – but that's okay, because we offer it in the certain knowledge that Doctor Who will still be around when Michael Grade has long since been forgotten.

GARY GILLATT



The Plastic Daffodil Award

More of your favourite least favourite things in Doctor Who!

THE ~~BEST~~ Worst OF THE REST

- 1 MICHAEL GRADE [1365 points]
- 2 THE MYRKA [677 points]
- 3 THE SIXTH DOCTOR'S COSTUME [595 points]
- 4 DIMENSIONS IN TIME [542 points]
- 5 MELANIE/BONNIE LANGFORD [521 points]
- 6 ADRIC/MATTHEW WATERHOUSE [958 points]
- 7 JOHN NATHAN-TURNER [451 points]
- 8 DELTA AND THE BANNERMEN [413 points]
- 9 DEATH COMES TO TIME [371 points]
- 10 THE KANDY MAN [357 points]
- 11 THE MAGMA BEAST [336 points]
- 12 ACE/SOPHIE ALDRED [319 points]
- 13 THE TV MOVIE [298 points]
- 14 THE SIXTH DOCTOR/COLIN BAKER [280 points]
- 15 THE TRIAL OF A TIME LORD [273 points]
- 16 QUESTION MARK COSTUMES [220 points]
- 17 THE TWIN DILEMMA [199 points]
- 18 PIP AND JANE BAKER [183 points]
- 19 TIMELASH [179 points]
- 20 DAPOL [172 points]



PEOPLE

In addition to **Michael Grade**, five individuals and one married couple take a place in the Plastic Daffodil Top 20. The history of *Doctor Who* fandom's relationship with producer **John Nathan-Turner** is perfectly summed-up by the contrast between his position here and his contradictory storming of the *DWM* Hall of Fame. Writers **Pip and Jane Baker** – the Neil and Christine Hamilton of *Doctor Who* – feel your wrath too,

with a call for a release from their pointless wordiness. Or a catharsis of spurious verbosity, if you will.

Four actors find a home in the Top 20, though it's difficult to tell if it's the

character they played in *Doctor Who*, or their own interpretation of that role, which has caused more offence. The high placings of **Melanie**, **Adric** and **Ace** suggests that it's all very well being able to recognise a megabyte modem, calculate the square root of 3.69873 in your head, or brew up nitro-glycerine in your bedroom – but it remains a universal law that everyone hates a smart-arse.

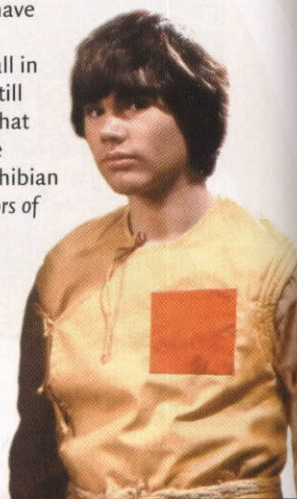
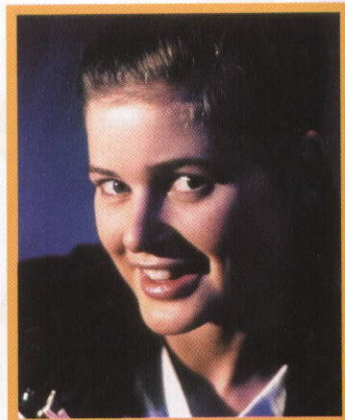
While **Colin Baker** has enjoyed something of a renaissance of late, thanks to spirited vocal performances for Big Finish, it still seems that the character he was obliged to play on TV will forever count against him.

Just short of 100 other individuals scored one or more votes against them here, covering everyone from Eric Seward to Brigadier Bambera, Hale and Pace to Kg. It's worth nothing that one person voted for 'The Doctor' as their least favourite thing in *Doctor Who*, which strikes us as churlishness of the highest order!

MONSTERS

The Second Doctor once cautioned us that "there are some corners of the Universe that have bred the most terrible things." Yes indeed, Mr Who, and it's also bred some pretty darn embarrassing things, and you really should have warned us about those too.

Claiming second place overall in the Plastic Daffodil poll – but still with less than half the vote of that naughty Michael Grade – is the **Myrka**, the awe-inspiring amphibian pet of the Silurians from *Warriors of the Deep*. As weapons of mass destruction go, the Myrka was a bit of a wash-out, only likely to claim lives if innocent bystanders choked on their





own lower intestine after laughing so much. Frankly, the Silurians should have sold the Mykra for some magic beans and had done with it.

Monsters can humiliate us in different ways. While the Mykra was a bad idea appallingly realised, it could be argued that the runner-up in this Silly Monster Steeplechase was a reasonable idea,

pretty well realised. Unfortunately for *The Happiness Patrol*'s **Kandy Man**, he appeared to be just one slender breach-of-copyright case away from a certain chirpy sugar-based spokesman for Liquorice Allsorts. This provoked the following exchange in classrooms up and down the country on the morning of 3 November 1988 ...

Perceptive bully: "Doctor Who? How can you like that rubbish? Did you see it last night? He was fighting bloody Bertie Bassett."

Defensive young fan: "Ah. But. Um ... Yeah."

For a generation of fans, this formative experience makes it very difficult to

forgive the poor Kandy Man.

The only other monster to make it into the Top 20 is the **Magma Beast**, the jelly-fingered denizen of *The Caves of Androzani*. Oh, poor Magma Beast. Perhaps Pete's dragon suffers from being the only really embarrassing thing in an otherwise great story. He's a monster

dumped into a tale where no monster is needed, and perhaps after the Shrivenzales of *The Ribos Operation*, writer Robert Holmes should have learned his lesson. They had big floppy paws, too.

Outside the Top 20, but still securing a fistful of votes each, are Erato – the titular *Creature from the Pit*, famous for a priapic tentacle – and a gruesome twosome from *Timelash*: the Morlox and the Bandril Ambassador. It seems you'd happily tell the Bandrils where they can stick their precious grain. Also performing well were Alpha Centauri, the Zarbi, the Giant Rat, the Quarks, the Yeti, Kroll and the Vardans. With only one vote, it seems the dinosaurs of *Invasion of the Dinosaurs* are less hated than the Kandy Man – as indeed are the Nimon, the Mandrells and the Gel Guards.

Boy, *Doctor Who* fans can really hold a grudge.

ADVENTURES

Seven positions in the Plastic Daffodil Top 20 are occupied by *Doctor Who* stories, all of them from the Sixth Doctor's era or beyond. Four have the word 'Time' in the title.

Dimensions in Time – voted the fourth-worst thing in the history of *Doctor Who* – carefully distilled the finest aspects of both

Doctor Who and *EastEnders*, put them safely to one side, and produced a 15-minute tram-smash of a tribute out of what was left over. *Dimensions in Time* was at that forefront of the BBC's celebration of *Doctor Who*'s 30th Anniversary, and the pain has obviously not diminished in the decade that has followed.

Delta and the Bannermen figures surprisingly high here, with this whimsical tale of spacemen in fear of attack from another group of spacemen still able to upset a good number **DWM** readers.

A new kid on the block, BBC's **Death Comes to Time**, has established itself as your third most-loathed adventure in double-quick time. It's obviously a love-it-or-hate-it production, but nevertheless, to claim a slot 11 places above *Timelash* in this survey, after so short an acquaintanceship, is something of an achievement in itself.

Doctor Who fandom remains as divided in its opinion over the Paul McGann **TV Movie** as it has always been, and this tribute to Anglo-American fudge and compromise remains low in the esteem of many.

The three remaining stories in the Top 20 all feature the Sixth Doctor. **Timelash** and **The Twin Dilemma** have



The Plastic Daffodil Award

More of your favourite least favourite things in Doctor Who!



rarely found their champions, but it's perhaps a surprise that the pick'n'mix portmanteau adventure **The Trial of a Time Lord** should suffer more than either in this poll.

Other stories to receive a substantial number of Daffodil

nominations include: *Paradise Towers*, *Time-Flight*, *Warriors of the Deep*, *The Ghosts of N-Space*, *The Web Planet*, *Day of the Daleks*, *The Greatest Show in the Galaxy*, *The Space Pirates*, *Ghost Light*, *The Gunfighters*, *Time and the Rani*, *The Underwater Menace*, *Inside the Spaceship*, *Underworld*, *The Horns of Nimon* and – here's a surprise – *The Androids of Tara*.

What has *The Androids of Tara* ever done to you?!

MERCHANDISE

We Doctor Who fans love our merchandise. We just can't get enough of it – as many commercial organisations have discovered to their profit. But that's not say that we'll buy any old tat that's peddled to us – as many other commercial organisations have found to their great dismay. Only one merchandiser makes it into the Plastic Daffodil Top 20, and that's those crazy Welsh model makers who even couldn't even count to six: **Dapol**.

When marketing your product to an audience of fans who have already logged and cross-checked even the most obscure Doctor Who trivia, it's important to get your details right. If you do, then you're a Product Enterprise, and you can be proud of the healthy sales of your Remote Control Daleks. What's staggering about Dapol is that it wasn't minor details they got wrong, it was the fundamentals. Almost every product in their range was nominated in this category, but let's remember a few of those classic blunders ...

What's the most famous thing about the costume of the Fourth Doctor? That's right – his long scarf. What did the Dapol Tom Baker doll lack? Yes, that very scarf ... What colour is Kg? Grey, you say? Dapol's robot dog, inexplicably, was British Racing Green ... How many sides does the TARDIS' hexagonal control console have? Admittedly the clue is in the question, but Dapol will still claim 'five' ... Best of all, however, was the two-handed Davros – who looked alarmingly like he was serving cocktails at a bar. It's a fun pastime to think of all the things

the Dapol Davros could do that the 'real' one can't – applaud at a concert, play poker, do some knitting ... For that last image alone, perhaps we do have something to thank Dapol for after all.

Beyond the Top 20, there's a suitably eccentric mix of merchandise that has caused offence to one or more of you, including, in no particular order: *The Rapture*, *Doctor in Distress*, *Doctor Who* underpants, the Sky Ray Space Raider Ice Lolly, *Phantasmagoria*, *The Adventuress of Henrietta Street*, *The Doctor Who Pattern Book*, *The Ancestor Cell*, *Do You Have a Licence to Save This Planet?*, *Transit*, *Travels Without the TARDIS* and *The Technical Manual*.

The Technical Manual is, of course, notable for suggesting that the Doctor's sonic screwdriver is as big as a lamp post – but at least it knew how many sides make a console.

AND THE REST ...

The Plastic Daffodil vote also attracted nominations for a thousand different concepts, moments, events and other random bits and pieces. Taking places in the Top 20 were **the Sixth Doctor's costume** (only slightly less popular than Michael Grade and the Myrka) and **Question Mark costumes** in general – a 'JNT-ism' that may never be forgiven.

The remainder of the list is something of a tribute to the crazy, eclectic world of Doctor Who appreciation

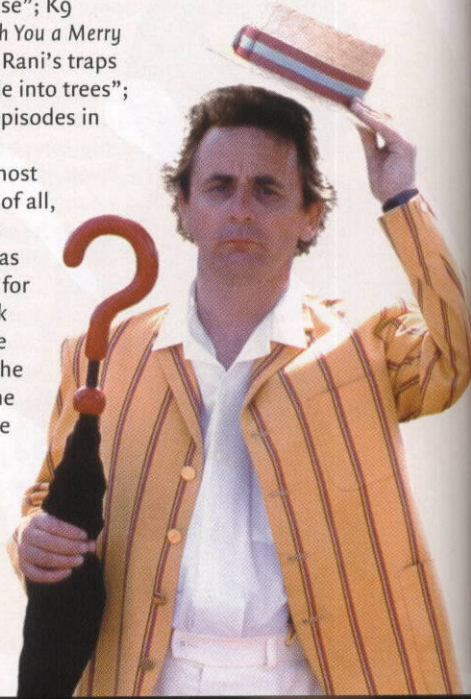
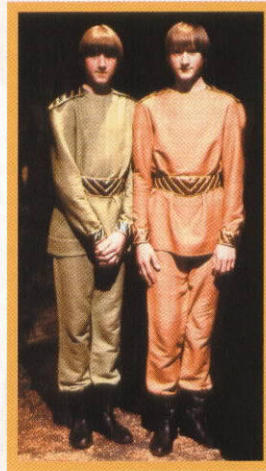
(and deprecation). There's no room to print all of it here, but we can offer a taste of the sheer breadth of things which can annoy a Doctor Who fan ...

The cancellation; the McCoy logo; bad CSO; "the Action Man tank in *Robot*"; the kissing scene in the TV Movie; Peter Howell's theme tune; Dodo's accent; "photo-montage book and video covers"; "the obsession with returning foes in the 1980s"; the Faction Paradox; "Peter Davison's regenerating shoes"; Mary Whitehouse; "those two girls in *Mawdryn Undead*"; the linking material on *The Power of the Daleks Missing Stories* cassette; John Scott Martin's hair; the 'I M Forman' continuity cock-up; "the half-human nonsense"; Kg singing *We Wish You a Merry Christmas*; "the Rani's traps that turn people into trees"; "junking the episodes in the 1970s".

Perhaps most entertaining of all, in its strangely specific way, was the single vote for "the bit in *Black Orchid* when the Doctor shows the police inside the TARDIS to prove his story."

Well, strike me pink ...

GARY GILLATT



GREATEST CONTRIBUTION



TOM BAKER

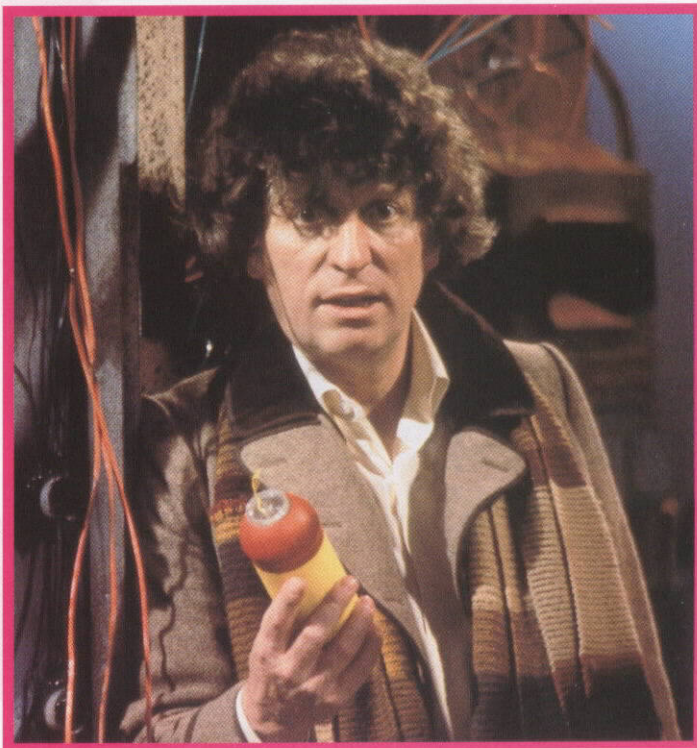
1st Place, 1541 points. Actor, The Fourth Doctor (1974 – 1981)

“It was the best job I ever had, and the only real success I’ve ever had. I was a hero to children and the only man in Britain to whom the warning ‘don’t talk to strange men’ didn’t apply ...”

Doctor Who came along at just the right time for Tom Baker. At the age of 40, his compact but impressive résumé of supporting credits in theatre and cinema meant that he had reached the moment in his career when a leading television role was all he needed to propel him into the front rank of the British acting profession. The opportunity arrived in the form of a small miracle of timing for which we can all be thankful – because if *Doctor Who* came along at just the right time for Tom Baker, then Tom Baker most certainly came along at just the right time for *Doctor Who*.

The task of finding an actor capable of emerging from the long shadow of Jon Pertwee’s unprecedented five-year run was arguably the greatest challenge that had yet faced the *Doctor Who* production office. Producer Barry Letts needed an actor who would offer a refreshingly clean break from the very conventional notions of charm, authority and moral certainty that had formed the core of Pertwee’s tremendously successful portrayal. Having toyed with the idea of casting an established comedian or an older character actor who might bring a doddering eccentricity to the role, Letts instead took an audacious gamble on a far younger man, whose striking physical presence and raw charisma eclipsed even Pertwee’s, and whose acting style, although strong and earnest and grounded in fine training and experience, seemed at the same time to be enticingly dangerous and off-the-wall.

It was a gamble that paid off more spectacularly than anyone involved could possibly have hoped. Tom Baker’s performance as Doctor Who was an instant triumph. His was a romantic, almost Byronic vision of the Time Lord, much given to sombre brooding and tempestuous fury, but forever bouncing back to reassure his young audience with a disarming smile and a wide-eyed air of optimism, proffering his crumpled bag of jelly-babies as a symbolic totem of the delights that awaited us when we stepped across the threshold of the TARDIS into a universe of innocence and wonder. “I am devoted to the programme and it isn’t just a job,” Tom Baker said in 1977. “I am an actor earning a living, but the standards of the Doctor and his recurring compassion and concern – which of course some people might deride as *Wind in the Willows* morality of



“An enticingly dangerous and off-the-wall performer...”

good triumphing over evil, and good manners most of the time – yes, they are standards and values that I admire very much.”

Not all actors are motivated by intellect; indeed, there are plenty who enjoy long and successful careers without ever being remotely troubled by it. Tom Baker is not one of those: he is a ferociously clever man, whose performances always look like the product of an invigorating three-way dialogue between technique, instinct and deep thought. He is not, and has never been, a lazy actor. If his later work has occasionally appeared eccentric to the point of incomprehensibility, it’s because he has been bored to distraction by the predictably formulaic requirements of wallpaper

GREATEST CONTRIBUTION TO DOCTOR WHO



would inspire an entire *Doctor Who* cast to make the same effort. If Tom Baker occasionally proved a nightmare to his directors – and undoubtedly he did overstep the parameters of his job description from time to time, which must have been frustrating for them – it was only because he cared, and cared deeply. Was he unreasonable? Was he impossible? Was he, as some have even labelled him, a monster? I don't know; I wasn't there. Perhaps he was. But he certainly wasn't on an ego-trip; all he wanted to do, by every means he knew, was to play his part in ensuring that *Doctor Who* was the best it could possibly be. And the evidence speaks for itself: Tom Baker was right at the centre of the most consistently successful and popular run of programmes in the show's long history.

Did he go too far? Did his performance, as I've sometimes heard people claim, become too silly or over-the-top in his later years? Well, it can only ever be a matter of opinion, but personally I don't think so at all. To an actor who navigated as many low-budget alien corridors and faced down as many latex monsters as Tom Baker did during his seven years in the role, the need to keep the character interesting and stimulating in the eyes of both performer and audience was surely of paramount importance. As Baker himself said at the time, "Week after week I'm the only constant factor in the programme that recognises blatant repetition." No actor with brains or integrity likes to stand still for seven years, playing exactly the same set of actions and

"Tom is Doctor Who's greatest success story."

television. You can't expect a clever, original mind like Tom's to be engaged or excited by the dreary TV-by-numbers that too often passes for drama these days. But for one golden moment in his career, he found himself at the centre of a concept that matched up to his exacting standards, and he strove to do it justice with every drop of his best blood.

There's no shortage of stories about how difficult Tom Baker was capable of being with the directors and writers of *Doctor Who*, but I don't remember ever hearing any such anecdote that wasn't ultimately infused with an air of professional admiration. In an institutionalised world of BBC jobsworths and uncommitted actors eager to finish the last set-up and get down the pub, Tom Baker remained tireless in his efforts to improve a poor scene, or to lift a good one to greatness. Countless actors have told of how he

reactions episode after episode, and it's entirely appropriate that Tom Baker's interpretation of the role should have grown and developed. He was, after all, the show's longest-running lead actor. None of his counterparts aged on screen quite so visibly: Tom Baker was a young man when he stepped aboard the TARDIS, and was edging into middle age by the time he bade farewell.

In any case, the gradual progression of his performance remains entirely consistent throughout his first six years: it adapts and moves on to be sure, but there are plenty of moments of dark sobriety in his later encounters with Adrasta or Davros, just as there are plenty of joyously 'silly' and 'over-the-top' moments in his earliest episodes, as he skips with Harry Sullivan, or takes the mickey out of the Cybermen, or responds to a villain's threat to 'Start talking' by launching into an



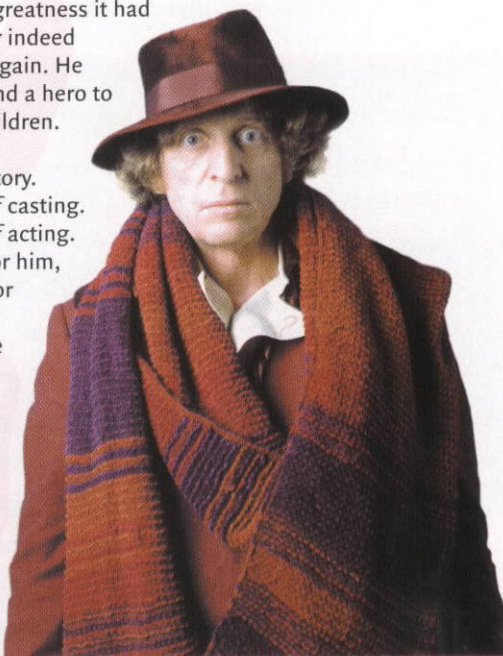


extempore biography of Mozart. The only jarring note comes in his final year in the role, when a combination of Tom's illness and the new regime's editorial impositions seem to straitjacket the actor, making him look suddenly tired and old and dispirited. This clipping of Tom's wings in the final act seems a sad and rather cruel turn of events, but even within the newly restrictive format his performance offers a towering central focus of a kind that *Doctor Who* would seldom enjoy thereafter.

If *Doctor Who* hadn't come along, it seems likely that Tom Baker might have remained forever a character actor, submerging himself beneath beards and

eyepatches to lend support in a succession of weird and wonderful guest roles, while the leading performances were entrusted to more conventional, more reliable, more boring performers. *Doctor Who* changed all that, reaping boundless rewards by daring to offer one of the most inventive, idiosyncratic and downright unusual actors of his generation the opportunity to take centre-stage and immerse himself in the role of a mainstream hero. Tom Baker gleefully rose to the challenge and lifted an already successful show to a level of greatness it had not yet known, nor indeed would ever know again. He became a friend and a hero to a generation of children. He is *Doctor Who*'s greatest success story. It was a triumph of casting. It was a triumph of acting. It was a triumph for him, for the BBC, and for you and for me. *Doctor Who* was the best thing that ever happened to Tom Baker – and Tom Baker was the best thing that ever happened to *Doctor Who*.

PHILIP
MACDONALD



#2-20 GREATEST CONTRIBUTORS

- 1 TOM BAKER [The Fourth Doctor, **958 points**]
- 2 TERRANCE DICKS [Writer, script editor and novelist, **862 points**]
- 3 WILLIAM HARTNELL [The First Doctor, **845 points**]
- 4 ROBERT HOLMES [Writer and script editor, **780 points**]
- 5 JOHN NATHAN-TURNER [Producer 1981-1989, **702 points**]
- 6 TERRY NATION [Writer and creator of the Daleks, **685 points**]
- 7 VERITY LAMBERT [Producer 1963-1966, **644 points**]
- 8 SYDNEY NEWMAN [Co-creator of Doctor Who, **617 points**]
- 9 NICHOLAS COURTNEY [The Brigadier, **604 points**]
- 10 RAYMOND P CUSICK [Designer of the Daleks, **588 points**]
- 11 GARY RUSSELL [Writer, audio producer, **DWM** editor **574 points**]
- 12 PATRICK TROUGHTON [The Second Doctor, **555 points**]
- 13 COLIN BAKER [The Sixth Doctor, **432 points**]
- 14 RON GRAINER [Composer of the Doctor Who theme, **429 points**]
- 15 DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE [**424 points**]
- 16 DELIA DERBYSHIRE [Radiophonic pioneer, **366 points**]
- 17 DAVID WHITAKER [Writer, story editor and novelist, **341 points**]
- 18 PHILIP HINCHCLIFFE [Producer 1974-1977, **308 points**]
- 19 JON PERTWEE [The Third Doctor, **242 points**]
- 20 THE BBC [**215 points**]

“Here’s a blank canvas. Paint me a picture.”
For most people, that’s a pretty frightening order. Even those with the creative talents already in place balk at such a vague task, and it takes those extra special people, those true, rare, select band of inspired artists who can actually take such a canvas and fill it with something which is captivating, refreshing, imaginative and – above all – enduring. It requires the myriad skills which have helped hone the



expand those initial and venerated daubs in every conceivable direction ... while skilfully not distorting the original image beyond recognition.

The only organisation where such television pioneers could really flourish in the 1960s was the **BBC**. While the commercial stations had all the crowd-pleasing ratings winners, the down-side was that they were highly conscious of audience size, and any item which failed to perform would be swiftly dropped from the schedules.



“The show could only have succeeded at the BBC.”

recipe for Doctor Who over the last four decades.

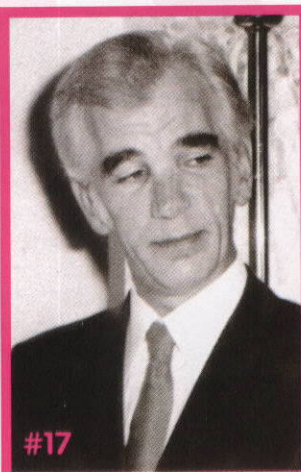
Looking at the really great contributors to the history of our favourite entertainment, the key names broadly fall into two categories. First there are the pioneers; the brave spirits who dared to paint the first brush strokes on that blank canvas. And then there are the inheritors; those who take on the mantle of their predecessors to

At the licence-funded corporation, quality was the watchword, and ground-breaking work on cutting-edge shows such as *That Was The Week That Was* and *Z Cars* was encouraged and nurtured.

Sydney Newman was most probably the true pioneer of Doctor Who, but not in terms of writing suspenseful scripts or defining captivating concepts or

designing nightmarish creatures which are now etched onto the subconscious of a nation. It was because it was his gut reaction for what was right and what was wrong which, by and large, got the first rough sketch in place as he sifted through the notions and ideas offered to up him by his apprentices when he told them: "Here's a slot between *The Telegoons* and *Juke Box Jury*. Make me a series." This larger-than-life Canadian called some major shots in the early stages – and, in retrospect, not all of them were right. One important thing which he most certainly did get right was in selecting the master

male preserve. What she lacked in experience (having no equivalent responsibility in her previous television career at ABC) she more than made up for with her determination and spirit which Newman would later describe as "piss and vinegar." Perfectly balancing the fiery spirit of Lambert was Whitaker, an established playwright and more of a traditional BBC figure, with a pedigree in refining the more conventional drama productions which the Corporation was best known for. Whitaker's notions, which blurred hard science-fiction concepts with something akin to magic, permeated the



craftsmen to oversee the project; the legendary combination of **Verity Lambert** and **David Whitaker** who would head his production team as producer and story editor respectively.

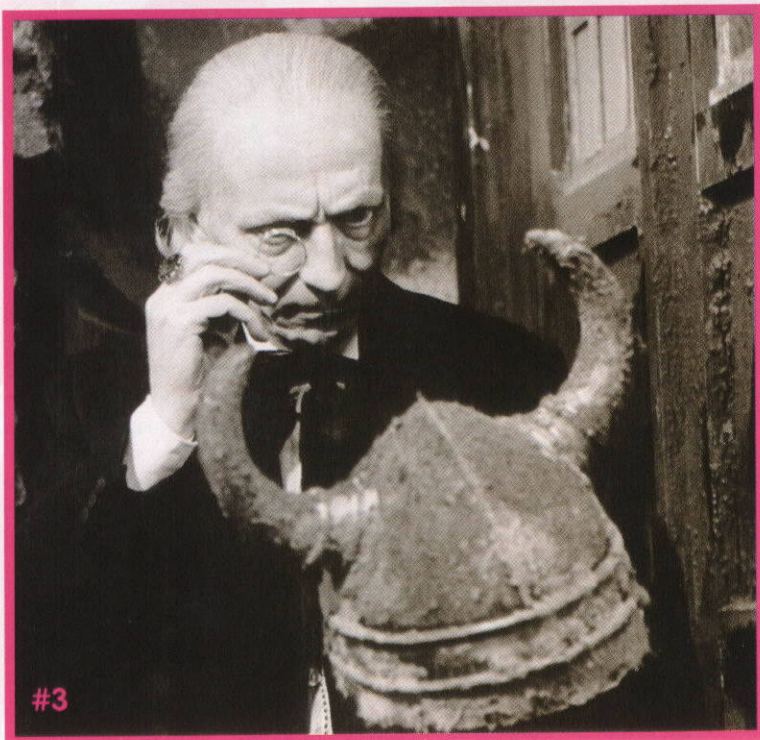
Lambert brought a freshness to the BBC Drama department as a whole, being a young woman given a tough project in what was effectively an established

early scripts, and with Lambert's ambitious plans to take family drama into new territories, the first distinctive elements of *Doctor Who* were successfully established.

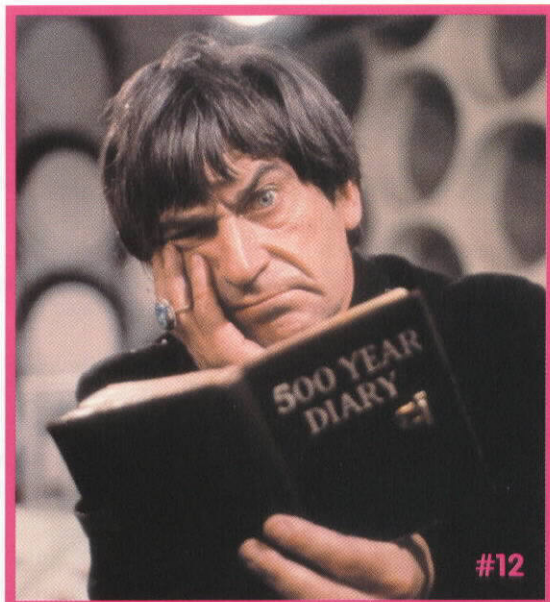
As for the stories, one of the areas where Newman was off-beam was in his dislike for a script about some "bug eyed monsters" – in this case a post-apocalyptic

tale of a planet victim to the nuclear horror of 'the bomb' which had hung over humanity's head since Hiroshima. It seems odd now that such an unnerving tale of alien encounters should come from a comedy writer such as **Terry Nation** rather than one of the professional dramatic scaremongers like Nigel Kneale. However, Nation's original script remains the quintessential *Doctor Who* serial, setting down so many of the fundamental elements for suspense and adventure in everything that followed. And it also gave viewers a new bogeyman for the emerging generation of television children: the Daleks.

Certainly the fascination accorded to the Daleks was a vital ingredient in placing *Doctor Who* into the televisual hall of fame, and although Nation's concept of emotionless, identical space-age Nazis was a palpable one, the cost-conscious and yet ingenious



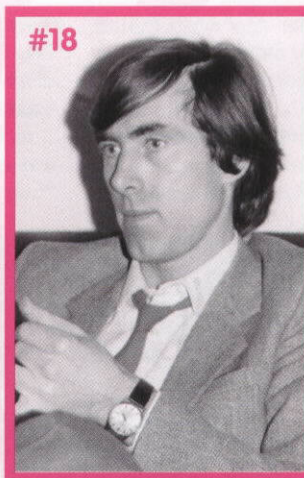
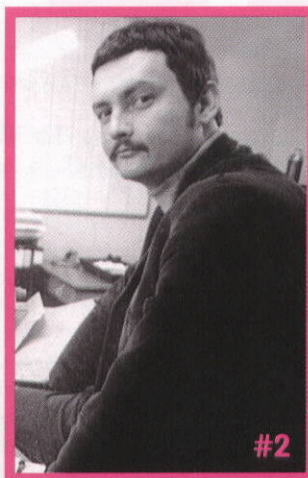
GREATEST CONTRIBUTION TO DOCTOR WHO



design which BBC staffer **Raymond P Cusick** came up with was an idiosyncratic icon that took the toy-shops by storm over the next two years. Whereas the police box emblem of the TARDIS was more a lucky fluke of choosing the right commonplace object (soon to find a whole new life after obsolescence in the real world), the image of the Dalek was a piece of true craftsmanship,

concepts into a ground-breaking reality, and that someone was **Delia Derbyshire**, the mathematical musician who became famous as the first person ever to make electronic music beautiful. Much has the original version been reworked. Never has it been bettered.

As far as the public were concerned though, the regular and most recognisable element of *Doctor Who* was **William Hartnell**, the first of many talented actors to front these amazing adventures in space and time. Hartnell, the star of the top rated sitcom *The Army Game*, turned his hand to a totally new type of hero – an irascible and mysterious old intergalactic gentleman with an intellect every bit as sharp as his temper. It is difficult for the twenty-first century viewer to understand how very different and effective both



“With our pioneers in place, we meet the inheritors.”

being both economic and potentially memorable.

Continuing to stamp the new programme's mark on the face of 1960s television, the signature tune bore unearthly qualities quite different to anything heard on a long-running series at that time. **Ron Grainer**, the Australian composer who had woven some of the first truly distinctive television scores for the atmospheric Parisian sleuthing of *Maigret* and the comic totting of *Steptoe and Son*, displayed yet another degree of versatility with a score which abandoned conventional note structure and described sounds with outlandish phraseology. It took somebody who could combine both numerical precision and artistic skill to turn these

the character of the Doctor and his escapades were at their inception, and how distinctively they stood out in the landscape of 1960s television.

So, with our pioneers in place, we now meet the inheritors. Although he himself lacked confidence when taking over from Hartnell, **Patrick Troughton** fought to make his Doctor different enough from his predecessor's to give the series the rejuvenating kick it needed at a time when it was flagging – and proved that the work which had gone before was sound enough to withstand such an astounding switch in lead character. **Jon Pertwee** then brought the showmanship she had honed from a career in variety and comedy, giving

Doctor Who a higher profile in the media than it had enjoyed in some time, and again casting aside the comic performances he was generally known for, in favour of memorable and authentic drama for teatime audiences. Like Pertwee, **Tom Baker** was effectively playing an extension of himself – a temperamental figure of wonder given to outbursts of passion, humour and horror as he saved the universe on a weekly basis and captivated the hearts of an American SF audience whose fix of Star Trek had long since expired. Of the actors who looked after this heroic role after this generally accepted ‘golden age’, **Colin Baker** is probably the one who best understood the series and cared the most – and who, tragically, was to suffer the worst from circumstantial fate. Of the supporting cast, the much loved **Nicholas Courtney** has been as dependable and loved off-screen for his tireless work at conventions and expounding the Doctor Who mythos in the media, as he always was on-screen for leading UNIT into action as Brigadier Alistair Lethbridge-Stewart.

And behind the camera the production teams continued to change. Producer **Philip Hinchcliffe** and script editor **Robert Holmes** stretched out onto an unpainted section of the Doctor Who canvas with their use of traditional horror and science-fiction concepts that had been beyond the remit of their predecessors, capturing some of the largest and most loyal audiences of all with tales that pushed the boundaries of family entertainment. **John Nathan-Turner**’s decade at the



helm saw everything from hard science to social comment, from budding new talent to old favourites from every corner of showbiz, and from extreme violence to high camp. And, also a friend of many ears of the show, script editor **Terrance Dicks** chronicled so much of what seemed distant and unattainable, with his work for Target books nestling between excitingly-coloured covers and adorning the bedroom bookshelves of millions.

And the legend continues. As the technological miracles of DVD and CD allow us to relive what has gone before, those whose imagination was fired by the pioneers and the inheritors now craft new adventures with the skills they have learned from studying the grandmasters of previous generations. For versatility and understanding of style, **Gary Russell** has proved

himself a worthy apprentice producer to those who have gone before. And both he and many of those architects of thrills who went before him have described in amazing detail how they went about making Doctor Who the success it was in interviews and articles within the pages of **Doctor Who Magazine**, the journal which has celebrated and analysed the secret of the programme’s success and kept the flame burning bright for the last 24 years.

All these amazingly creative people with their diverse skills and talents are just a few of the countless artists – many as yet waiting to be born – who have already, and will in the future, continue to stretch out this glorious format towards the boundaries of its enormous canvas for unimaginable years to come.

ANDREW PIXLEY

40 YEARS OF DOCTOR WHO

A POEM BY VANESSA BISHOP

In 1963 they sat, discussing this, suggesting that,
"A family show is what we need," said Sid to Don and Don agreed.

"A space-time traveller," Sid went on,
"who flies a Police Box." "Great!" said Don.

"A young man?" "Naah!" Sid shook his head, "A crotchety old git instead!
We'll get that sweetheart, Verity, to make another hit for me,"
And what began with Sid and Don, for 40 years has carried on...

TV Comic, DN6, Malcolm Hulke and Terrance Dicks,
Dido, Demnos, Denys Fisher, jelly babies, Michael Wisher,
Barnet by-pass, Louis Marx, Tachyonics, Dapol, Quarks,
Slipback, sofa, Sea Base Four, Battle of Culloden Moor,
Michael Grade, Last Chance Saloon, bubble-wrap, aroon aroon,
Li H'Sen Chang, Ping-cho, Peking, Milton Subotsky, Peter Ling,
T-Mat, Tombstone, Titan 3, reversing the polarity,
Lanzarote, Chancellery Guards, Weetabix and Typhoo cards,
Psychic Circus, corridors, Davros, Dartmoor, dinosaurs,
Beatles, Blackpool, Beryl Reid, Suchard eggs, Seville, Soldeed,
Kartz and Reimer, Piccolo, Roberta Tovey, CSO,
Radiation, Rodney Bewes, Raspberry and Apple Chews,
Trevor Martin, Tooting Bec, Mona Lisa, Sharaz Jek,
Radiophonics, Programme Guide, smoking jacket, genocide,
Graphic novels, Hale and Pace, Iron Legion, Richard Mace.

All these things mean Doctor Who, Hartnell missing every cue,
Budget-busting Macra Grabs, Ian's got the hots for Babs,
Hapless, hopeless UNIT chaps, sad sink-plunger baseball caps,
Rubber costumes, sets that shook, the hundredth Peter Haining book.

Palitoy, Bi-Al Foundation, Mondas, Longleat Celebration,
Police Box, Pex, P7E, cliffhanger, Eye of Harmony,
Dalek Death Ray Lollies, Horda, Rani, Robert Holmes, recorder,
San Martino, Salamander, Greyhound Leader, Hi-Fi Panda,
Peter Cushing, Pescatons, Gundans, gadgets, Guardians, Gonds,
TARDIS Tent, Hyperion III, Gordon Flemyng, Fleur de Lis,
Pepperpots, Panopticon, Thoros Beta, Gravitron,
Gerry Davis, Gallifrey, Mankind, Movellan, Saturday,
Big Finish, Metebelis Three, Mick Jagger's mansion, IMC,
Anti-matter, Aggedor, Curse of the Daleks, Wenley Moor,
Foam machine, Heathrow, CT, Viewmaster, videos, celery,
Fanzines, Fenric, photocall, Sergeant Benton, Liberty Hall,
Land of Fiction, roundels, spats, Blue Peter features, Cybermats,
Morton Dill, Dastari, Doris, Modelwork, Matt Irvine's Boris,
Ratings, trailers, JNT, Vid-FIRE, extras, DVD.

All these things mean Doctor Who, TARDIS key inside the shoe,
Unconvincing giant ants, Tom Baker on your underpants,
One-hit-wonder Frazer Hines, Troughton making up his lines,
'Joanna Lumley For The Role!', same old stories top the poll.

Target Library, omnibus, Armada, annuals, Amicus,
Milo Clancey, MOMI, Maggs, Bessie, Barry Letts, Bill Baggs,
TARDIS Tuner, Key to Time, Stangmoor Prison, sandpits, slime,
Terry Nation, Totters Yard, Varga, Vortis, Sondergaard,
Richard Briers, Robomen, Milk Chocolate Goodies, Mavic Chen,
Quantel, quarries, Wheel in Space, Dodecahedron, Gabriel Chase,
Virgin books, Sir Reginald Styles, Paris, Primords, Peter Miles,
Repeats, three-parters, Brian Cant, Terra Alpha, Jo-Jo Grant,
Lethbridge-Stewart, yo-yo, BOSS, Devil's End, Top Trumps, Ted Moss,
LPs, stage plays, Zeta Minor, Izzy, Sharon, Aldbourne, Viner,
Kg, Cromer, exhibition, Marvel's 'Caption Competition',
Maggots, Monoids, Mary Ridge, Loch Ness Monster, Merlin, Midge,
Mr Sin, St Pauls, Dick Mills, renegade, Ron Grainer, Rills,
Shop window dummies, Ravalox, Hamish Wilson, Chickenpox,
Quiz books, Kronos, Kettlewell, Reeltime, Reubish, Stuart Fell.

All these things mean Doctor Who, rumours flying, rarely true,
Chocolate Christmas tree confection, Pixley's pull-out 'Archive' section,
Powell, Yentob, Kaled, Thal, newsgroups, websites, Fox, Segal,
What first began with Sid and Don,
will always – somehow – carry on ...





WE ♥ DOCTOR WHO

“Our lives are different to anybody else’s. That’s the exciting thing. Nobody in the universe can do what we’re doing!”

Forty years since we first entered the TARDIS ...

Forty years since we met a strange old man who whisked us off into space and time ...

Forty years since terrifying creatures drove us behind the sofa...

Forty years since the birth of a legend ...

For four decades *Doctor Who* has enthralled millions of children and adults throughout the world. Whether you watched in the monochrome days of the 1960s, or during the colourful 1970s and 1980s, or discovered the all-new adventures of the Doctor on CD and in print during the 1990s and 2000s, we have all been captivated by the Doctor’s travels through time and space.

Now, on the eve of his long-awaited return to television, **Doctor Who Magazine** celebrates the Time Lord’s ruby anniversary with a special souvenir edition to honour the very finest that the series has to offer – in all its many and varied forms. With appraisals and fascinating new angles from **DWM**’s finest writers, we’re proud to present the perfect birthday present ...

**DOCTOR
WHO**
1963-2003

ISSN 0963 – 1275



9 770963 127991

UK: £4.99

US: \$9.99

DWM SPECIAL EDITION #6

31 DECEMBER 2003

Retailer: Please display this special alongside regular issues of **Doctor Who Magazine**

panini COMICS
www.paninicomics.co.uk

WE DOCTOR WHO

"Sometimes, Doctor, you amaze me ..."

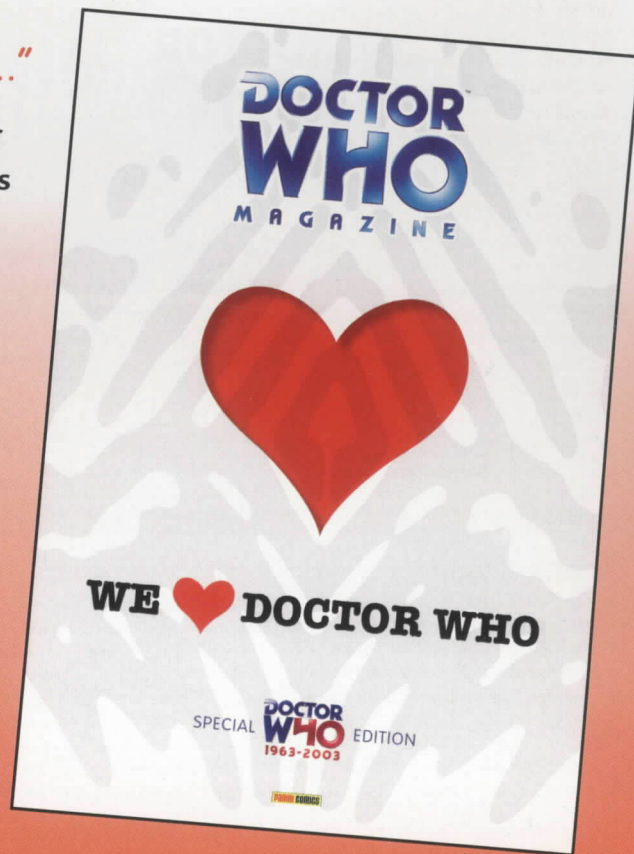
DWM celebrates the ruby anniversary of the birth of a legend, with an affectionate tribute to *Doctor Who*'s first four decades!

Based upon the results of our **DWM** anniversary poll, this special 84-page commemorative edition examines the very best that *Doctor Who* has to offer – as voted for by **you**!

As well as counting down the Top 50 TV stories of all time, we examine books both fictional and factual, novelisations, audio dramas and comic strips – plus we reveal who you consider to be *Doctor Who*'s best-ever writers and which individuals you feel have made the greatest contribution to our favourite series!

We've gathered the best writers in *Doctor Who* fandom to take an in-depth look at what makes the series so special in all its varied forms. Beautifully illustrated throughout with a wealth of photographs, this issue is destined to become the ultimate souvenir of *Doctor Who*'s 40th anniversary!

Available from **6 November** at **WHSmith**
and all good newsagents, priced **£4.99!**



panini comics